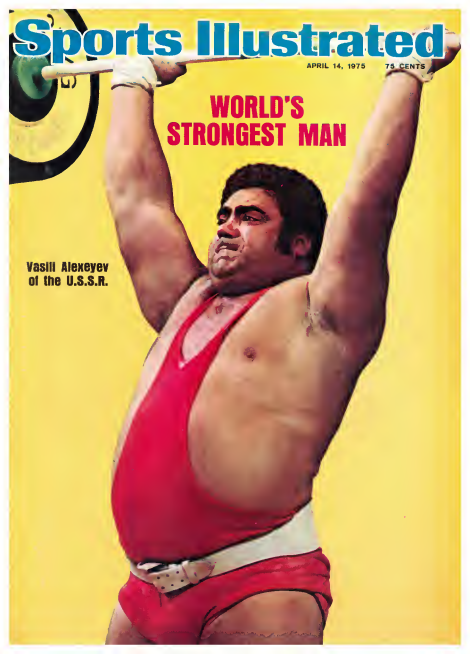


Sports Illustrated



APRIL 14, 1975

75 CENTS

WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

Vasili Alexeyev
of the U.S.S.R.

\$250,000 says Top-Flite. is The Longest Ball.

Only The Longest Ball would make this challenge: \$250,000 to the first of these: Titleist, Royal +6, Blue Max, Wilson LD, Titleist DT or Maxfli that can beat Top-Flite in a truly meaningful distance test. No gimmicks. Just men & women

golfers with a wider range of handicaps, hitting woods and irons until Opinion Research Corp., an independent testing firm, determines the conclusive winner.

Top-Flite already won a test like this using hundreds of golfers and beat the other leading balls by 8 to 13 yards!

Now Top-Flite challenges them again, one-on-one, in the same kind of test.

TOP-FLITE:

beat Titleist by 13.3 yards
beat Royal +6 by 10.1 yards
beat Blue Max by 9.3 yards
beat Wilson LD by 8.7 yards
beat Titleist DT by 8.4 yards

The distance measurement is a "tee to green" combined total distance of two shots—the first off the driver, the second off the five-iron. Test conducted by Opinion Research Corp., Princeton, N.J.

All balls tested will be purchased from pro shop inventories as of April 1, 1975 in various regions throughout the U.S., and must meet U.S.G.A. specifications. Challenge expires August 31st, 1975. For complete details write to Spalding, Dept. TFC, Chicopee, Mass. 01014.



A grand way for parents to give a young couple a helping hand, without giving them a handout.



New York Life's Help-the-kids-out Policy.

Let's say your son and daughter-in-law have just had their first child.

Suddenly, they need a lot more life insurance. But maybe they don't have the money right now for the premiums. And they're too proud to accept an outright gift.

Why not suggest that your son take out a New York Life Split-Dollar Policy?

You pay the premiums. But if your son dies, the policy calls for you and his family to share the proceeds in a way that assures you the return of all your money.

If your son lives, as he probably will, he can repay you as his income rises, and take over the payment of the premiums.

The young family is protected. They retain their independence. And you may be freed of a potential obligation.

You can make the same arrangement, of course, with a daughter. Or with a son-in-law or daughter-in-law.

Our help-the-kids-out policy. It's just one of the imaginative approaches to life insurance that your New York Life Agent can suggest to protect your family's financial security.

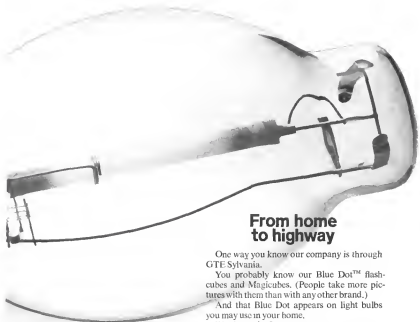
Talk to him, or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.





OUR LIGHT



From home to highway

One way you know our company is through GTE Sylvania.

You probably know our Blue Dot™ flashcubes and Magicubes. (People take more pictures with them than with any other brand.)

And that Blue Dot appears on light bulbs you may use in your home.

We also make fluorescents.

Our big lamps light up streets and highways. And our small lamps glow softly on hi-fi sets.

We make fun lamps for decorating homes and stores. And energy-saving lamps for lighting factories and offices. (Our serious side.)

We make lamps that grow plants. And lamps that may help heal disease.

Altogether we make about 6000 different lamps.

So while GTE is the phone company to 23 million people—millions more know us for our light side.

SIDE GTE

General Telephone & Electronics, One Stamford Forum, Stamford, Conn. 06904

The advantage of Vantage. It's in menthol, too.

© 1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

It's no secret that today a lot of smokers are looking for a cigarette with less 'tar', less nicotine, and lots of flavor.

Well, more and more smokers are finding exactly what they've been looking for. In Vantage. The first cigarette that successfully provides low 'tar' and nicotine yet holds on to the flavor that other low 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes sacrifice.

In case you didn't know it, the advantage of Vantage is available in menthol also. And more and more menthol smokers have been making the switch.

They're finding that Vantage provides them with all the flavor they want and a lot less 'tar' and nicotine. With one other extra. Menthol.

If you're a menthol smoker who hasn't tried a pack, you ought to know that Vantage Menthol is everything you've ever wanted from a menthol cigarette. But with a lot less 'tar' and nicotine.

Vantage Menthol.
Take advantage of it.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine. Menthol: 11 mg. "tar",
0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '94.

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Cover photograph by Jerry Cooke

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MARCHING ON AUGUSTA is a regiment of top golfers led by Jack Nicklaus, who will be out gunning for his 16th Masters title. Can Gary Player, Johnny Miller or anyone else stop him? Dan Jenkins will let you know.

A WOMAN'S PLACE is on the tube, say the growing numbers of female sportscasters. Probing the new talents in the big time and the bushes, Curry Kirkpatrick finds that while they are not wonders, neither are the men.

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The 1975 Pro Tour is beginning to look like a Titleist ad.



THEODORE DEBIE
1st ball 11
2nd ball 45



JEAN MARIN
LUSIGN OPEN
1st ball 8
2nd ball 31



BING CROSBY
NATIONAL
1st ball 122
2nd ball 44



HARDMAN OPEN
1st ball 84
2nd ball 41



BOB HOPE
2019 RY
1st ball 179
2nd ball 33



JOEY BOY FORD
SUN 1122 OPEN
1st ball 1
2nd ball 46



LENA CAMPBELL
400 ANGLES OPEN
1st ball 11
2nd ball 28



ARLAN ALDRON
BIRCHDALE CLASSIC
1st ball 84
2nd ball 45



ALDRON OPEN
1st ball 11
2nd ball 30



JOHN LESTER
1st ball 11
2nd ball 34



CRANTON
JACKSONVILLE OPEN
1st ball 1
2nd ball 34



10 11 PRINCE
NEW YORK 1122 OPEN
1st ball 1
2nd ball 34



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PERNOLTA OPEN
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JOHN LESTER
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When you add up the official ball counts for the first ten events on the 1975 PGA Tour, it's Titleist 1120, the 2nd ball 526. The Bing Crosby and Bob Hope tournaments include amateur players

Titleist. The number 1 ball on the Pro Tour.

**For those who find that performance,
durability, economy and quality aren't enough,
Saab adds a little extravagance.**

All Saabs are known for performance, similar to BMW. And durability. Like Volvo. And economy. Like Dasher. And quality. Like Mercedes Benz.

But for some, that's still not enough. And it's for those few that Saab introduced the Saab EMS.

The Saab EMS has any number of features that make it sensible, it also has nine standard features that make it the most luxurious Saab ever built.

1) Two special colors: Sterling Silver Metallic and Black. Each has a distinctive, color-coordinated accent stripe and racing mirrors. 2) Steel-belted radial tires and cast-aluminum alloy wheels. 3) A 2-liter, fuel-injected, overhead cam engine coupled to a manual, four-speed gearbox. It accelerates from a standing start to 60 mph in less than 12 seconds. 4) Famous specially upholstered Saab seats with see-thru head rests.

5) Door panels made of energy absorbing material with armrest's integrated in the design.

6) A center fold-down armrest in the rear seat. The entire rear seat also folds down to turn the trunk into a little station wagon. 7) A tachometer and a clock. 8) Unique energy-absorbing bumpers.

9) Like all Saabs, it meets all U.S. emission requirements without the use of a catalytic converter and it gives you the luxury of 21 mpg in city driving and 27 mpg in highway driving, according to EPA tests.

The Saab EMS.

The most luxurious Saab.



SAAB
It's what a car should be.

When are tennis whites not white?



When they're Ely color coordinates.

Plaid shorts. Solid tops. In navy, red, yellow, blue (even white), or combinations thereof. It's the new smashing stroke on the courts. The shirt in a cool mesh weave of 50% Kodol polyester/50% cotton. Sizes S,M,L,XL. The shorts, 100% Kodol polyester, in sizes 28-42. At your favorite store or write Ely & Walker, 823 East Holmes Road, Memphis, TN 38116.

ELY
& WALKER

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WARWICKE**

**LAUDER'S
SCOTCH**

86 PROOF

Lauder's Scotch is a great entertainer because it's the premium quality Scotch that doesn't sell at a premium. Lauder's lets any host be a great entertainer



Authentic Scotch
Dollar (Crown) minted
between 1803-1825
Symbol of Lauder's value

Enjoy Dionne Warwick's latest Warner Bros. album, "Then Came You"

Shopwalk

by RUDY ANDERSON

A MACHINE THAT FUNTS AND PASSES EASES THE PAIN OF SPRING TRAINING

It's another hot day, one of many through spring and summer—a day that sears the body in football armor. Hip pads are heavy with sweat. Rib pads bite into bone. Shoulder pads that fit so well in the locker room now cluster about your throat.

Coach has you hitting, running through the tires, steamrolling, monkey-rolling, duck-walking, bear-crawling. And this is only the warmup for the one-on-one blocking and tackling; then pattern drills; then scrimmage.

Coach is yelling for you to be mean. You hear the pain of men with twisted ankles, jammed thumbs and bruised elbows.

But the dread part of football practice comes after this, wind sprints—30 yards two dozen times at a crack, usually. Your lungs feel like balloons with the air running out of them. Your lips are dry and beginning to crack. Your emotions are a confusion of fear and anger, pride and hope, and you wish you could tell somebody about them, but this is hardly the time. Besides, you have to save your breath so you can yell your lungs out when you start the sprint.

To make spring practice bearable, JoPaul Industries, Inc. (Tualatin, Ore.) has developed the Jugs Football Passing Machine. It is based on the same principle as JoPaul's Jugs Curveball Pitching Machine, now being used by many high school, college and pro teams. The electric-powered contraption stands on a tripod and passes or punts from 10 to 100 yards at varying speeds. The machine consists of two rubber wheels resembling little automobile tires; the right-hand one rotates clockwise, the left-hand wheel rotates counterclockwise. The ball is fed into a holder, then seized by the rotating wheels and hurled outward. A perfect spiral every time—at least 10 a minute.

Too costly (\$1,200) to be a teaching aid for a few key players, Jugs can be a help to the whole team, particularly in defensive and specialty drills. It can also be used to spark a squad running wind sprints. Consider a 245-pound lineman weary and sore from a scrimmage. He lumbers back and forth; he's not really putting out. It's drudgery. But roll out Jugs and roll in fantasy. The lineman can imagine himself a wide receiver, swift as Otis Taylor, graceful as Lance Rentzel. The ball is shot from Jugs and he runs, eager for the catch. "Ah, watch me skate." Now that's the way to run a wind sprint, a way to feel like the wind.

END

A Navy career. Because there's more to life than a paycheck.



Teaming up to secure the lines.



A submarine returning home from sea.

We'll give you an honest opportunity to succeed. At a challenging job. With travel. And friends.

Take career fields. We've got over 70 of them. And we'll train you in one, if you qualify. Train you to lead, or take responsibility for your own job.

Take education. We'll help you continue or resume yours through our Navy Campus for Achievement program.

Take life-style. We'll give you a chance to see places you might never have seen, meet people you might never have known. You'll have to give it all you've got. But you'll get as much as you give.

Your Navy Recruiter can tell you what training you qualify for even before you enlist. Training to help you become someone really special.

Talk to him. Or call 800-841-8000 toll-free. Anytime.

*The
Spirit
of '75*
Navy

BUILD YOUR FUTURE ON A
PROUD TRADITION

THE MOST IMPORTANT FEATURES TO LOOK FOR IN A NEW BICYCLE ARE THE ONES YOU CAN'T SEE.

When you take home a new John Deere, you get one feature after another that few other bicycles can match.

For instance, every John Deere Bicycle—whether it's a 3-speed, 5-speed, 10-speed or kids' High-Rise model—automatically comes with a 12-month warranty. Which covers any defective material or workmanship without charge for parts or labor.

And unlike many stores, John Deere dealerships have complete in-store repair facilities. Trained service personnel on duty. Plenty of spare parts to keep you riding instead of walking.

We don't have any "do-it-yourself" models, either. Because every John Deere bike is assembled before you leave the store with it, to make sure everything works right. And if something does go wrong—no matter where—there are over 3,500 John Deere consumer products dealers who'll take good care of you.

But whether you want to ride across the country or just around the block, we have a number of bikes to choose from.

Our popular 3-, 5-, and 10-speed touring models are economically priced for the casual rider. All feature traditional handlebars, fenders and mattress seat. Plus brazed joints and a quality derailleur, too.

If you have a large family, we have a bike with a "mixte" frame that everybody can use. "Mixte" means the crossbar is positioned so women and kids can get on and off this bike easily and men don't look out of place on it. It's available in a sparkling white 5-speed.

The thoroughbred of the line is our 10-speed racing model. It has a Sun Tour derailleur, turned-down wrapped handlebars, rat-trap pedals, and racing seat.

And our rugged 20-inch High-Rise model, with adjustable banana seat and handlebars, grows with the young person who rides it. It's painted bright yellow for safety.

So next time you're out shopping for a new 2-wheeler, just remember that when we say "Nothing runs like a Deere," we mean bicycles, too.



**NOTHING RUNS
LIKE A DEERE**





I'll watch.
Those are
my kind
of numbers!

They're playing
for \$200,000
Arnie.
Are you going
to watch?

Don't miss the Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle Golf Championship

The world's top women professional golfers compete for \$200,000. The richest total prize money in women's golf history.

Take a tip from Dinah Shore and Arnold Palmer. Watch the action LIVE from beautiful Mission Hills Golf & Country Club, Palm Springs, Calif.



Saturday April 19, Sunday April 20 on ABC-TV

(check local listing for time)



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English Leather Shave Cream.

One Man. One Scent.

Why smell of one scent: from shave cream, and another from after shave? Especially when you can have the clean, honest scent of English Leather After Shave in our Power Foam Shave Cream.

You'll find your razor glides and shaves super-close.

Afterwards, finish off with English Leather After Shave.

You'll look like a million and you won't smell like two scents.



Power Foam Shave Cream 11 oz. \$15.95, 6 oz. \$10.00
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MEM COMPANY INC. Northvale, N.J. 07647 (908) 311-1111

Footloose

by VIRGINIA KRAFF

CLAY BIRDS SOAR LIKE WILD BIRDS TO BAFFLE SHOOTERS ON A GROUSE WALK

The atmosphere at James L. Cox's English Grouse Walk is very English indeed, which makes its location on the eastern edge of the Pennsylvania Dutch country all the more incongruous. Tucked away amidst the manicured fields and picture-book farms of its Amish neighbors, surrounded by white-washed fences and gray stone walls, Cox's place seems transplanted from another world. Mallards bob on the pond in front of the 17th-century house, pheasants saunter along the winding drive, and in the evening deer emerge from shadowy woodlands to feed in rich and rolling meadows. In contrast to the game which thrives on Cox's 240 acres in Chester County, the grouse on his Grouse Walk are neither wild nor feathered.

A grouse walk, as Cox learned several years ago at the famed Holland & Holland Shooting School outside London, is an old but little-known sport that combines target shooting with good fellowship and a brisk walk in the country—a combination most sportsmen find irresistible. The "grouse" are clay birds released two at a time from mechanical traps at 25 separate shooting stations. Good fellowship is assumed because the sport is always shot in pairs—hence the two birds at each station—and in company with Cox or an assistant who triggers the traps and keeps score. The course winds up and down hills, through woods and brush, and takes about an hour and a half to cover on foot.

At each station the trap is concealed and may be behind the shooters, in front of them or on either side. The birds are released simultaneously, traveling at about 70-degree angles to each other. The shooter on the left takes the left bird, the shooter on the right, the right bird. Depending upon the location and set of each trap, targets may soar over the shooters' shoulders, explode virtually from under their feet, cross swiftly from side to side, skim erratically along the horizon or on occasion come winging in head on. "Every shot that nature offers is reproduced here," Cox says, "along with a few she doesn't yet know."

The birds travel faster than in American trap and skeet, and sometimes at angles foreign to either sport. On a windless, bluebird day they can test the skills of the most accomplished shot. Add wind, weather and fading winter light and even the pros learn humility.

Each shooter has two chances at his bird.

If he hits it with the first shot and his partner's bird is still in the air, he can try for that, too—no mean feat.

A shooter of average ability can expect to break anywhere from 14 to 17 birds the first time around. "It helps to know the course," Cox says, "just as familiarity with the course helps in golf. But familiarity cannot make up for the variables of weather, wind and optics. Nobody ever complains about being bored. I've probably shot this course several hundred times, yet the birds still fool me. And I still miss a few."

For those who miss spot money, Cox runs a shooting school on his grounds Saturdays from 10 to 12. A two-hour lesson for from one to five shooters costs \$20 per person, including shells. The Grouse Walk is a membership deal: \$50 annually plus \$12.50 per person per round, including shells, but non-members are always welcome to shoot an introductory round at members' rates.

To compensate for variations in skill, shooters who average fewer than 20 out of 25 targets are classified in what Cox calls Phase I. This permits them to assume a ready-to-shoot position on station, and to call "pull" for release of targets. Shooters breaking 20 to 22 birds advance to Phase II. Here targets are not called but are released without warning at any point within 30 feet of the station. Phase III is strictly for hot shots. Shooting conditions are identical to Phase II but shells as well as hits are counted. Top individual score is 25 birds with 25 shells. Any gauge shotgun in any choke is suitable although most shooters prefer 12-gauge field guns.

A former Air Force pilot, Cox flirted with several occupations before becoming a sporting-goods dealer. He now has shops in Paoli and Bryn Mawr. A tennis player, skier, diver, fly fisherman, skier and superb shot, he is his own best customer. Until three years ago he also ran a game preserve. His visit to England put an end to that venture. The Holland & Holland Grouse Walk intrigued him because of the shooting challenge it offered and because, on his more spacious grounds, it seemed a perfect combination of outdoor sport and exercise with minimum expense and operating demands. He returned home, got rid of his birds, turned the chukar house into an office and, with the help of his two sons, started laying out the course.

"Every season has something to offer," says Cox. "In spring the dogwood are in bloom. In fall the colors are spectacular. And winter, well, it's hard to imagine a prettier place in England or America." Few who have been there would disagree. To see for yourself, contact James L. Cox, Rt. 2, Honey Brook, Pa. 19344. Tel. 215-273-3840 or 644-9325.

END

IBM Reports

The computer and research

The computer serves society in many ways. It is an information organizer, helping deal with large amounts of data. It is a productivity tool, helping us make better use of our resources. It is a management tool, providing perspective on complex decisions.

The computer is also a major research tool, perhaps the most useful of any at the disposal of science today. It is being used to explore many different frontiers of the natural world mathematically—recreating and analyzing interactions that could not otherwise be observed or understood.

It is helping scientists develop a mathematical model of the nucleus of a human cell for use in cancer research. It is helping develop potential new energy sources such as the fusion reactor. It is helping weather researchers learn how to control air pollution.

In these and countless other activities, the computer is performing calculations that were often impractical, or even impossible, only a few short years ago—calculations that have now been made practical by rapid advances in computing speeds and storage capacity, and sharply reduced cost-per-computation.

It's particularly appropriate that the computer should play such an important role in scientific research, for research has played a key role in the computer's own development. A prime example is the remarkable evolution in the basic components of the computer—from the early technology based on large, relatively slow vacuum tubes, to transistors, to integrated circuits, to today's microscopically small high-speed circuitry.

IBM research scientists made critical contributions to these advances. Now they are helping look for the breakthroughs of tomorrow—exploring new techniques ranging from sophisticated lasers to devices much faster than even the most advanced circuitry now in use.

IBM's commitment to research, to finding new ways to do things better and to reducing the cost of doing them, is a continuing one. And it is a cornerstone of our expectation that the technological strides of the next twenty-five years will eclipse even those of the last twenty-five.

We are working toward that goal.

IBM



If you're getting poor mileage, perhaps your car needs a checkup.

If your gasoline mileage isn't what it used to be, AC-Delco suggests a diagnosis of your engine's vital signs from



your neighborhood AC-Delco serviceman.

If he prescribes a tune-up after the diagnosis, he'll probably recommend AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs and Delco-Remy Points and Condenser as part of the remedy. There are matched AC-Delco parts engineered for your car and your kind of driving. That's important — especially with today's reduced speeds and shorter trips.

Keep an eye on your gasoline

mileage. If it's poor, see your favorite AC-Delco serviceman for a checkup. Tune up with AC-Delco parts and help improve your car's performance and mileage.



AC-Delco
Division of General Motors Corporation

Canada
this summer.
(Tear-out vacation supplement)



Québec and Ontario. **Vacation country on every city doorstep.**

A large part of Canada's population and our two biggest cities, Montréal and Toronto, are located in a narrow corridor along the St. Lawrence River and the shore of Lake Ontario. Outside that corridor is an enormous holiday area stretching from Thunder Bay at the west end of the Great Lakes to the Gaspé Peninsula in the east, and north to the arctic waters at James Bay. It's an area scattered with historic

towns and friendly villages, a land of rivers and mountains, wilderness parks and forests and more lakes than anyone has ever had time to count.

These pages contain the kind of information you need to plan a carefree vacation in Ontario and Québec without spending months planning.

So come on, America. Come see how much outdoors we still have left.

Me

Québec. Spell it with a French accent.

In the Province of Québec, the first language is French. But that doesn't mean you need an interpreter to find your way around. Most street signs are written in two languages, and almost everyone speaks enough English to communicate. If you want to try their language, of course, the people of Québec will be delighted. Even if you make a mess of it, it's a wonderful way to make friends.

Montréal is the second-biggest French-speaking city in the world and it has a flair and a spirit which even Paris might envy. It shows in the miles of street-wide underground galleries crowded with stores and boutiques, theatres, bars and restaurants that make up a fascinating second city beneath the skyscrapers; in a subway system so handsome that it's been called the longest underground art gallery in the world; in the city's more than 5,000 restaurants; and in a choice of after-dark fun ranging from elegant supper clubs with high-kicking can-can revues through quaint bistros and sky-top discos, to the intimate *boîtes à chansons* where fine French-Canadian folk singers entertain until the small hours of the morning.

Old Montréal is rich in restaurants, boutiques and historic buildings

Montréal is a city that will keep you busy sightseeing all day and as far into the night as you wish.

The mountains are just an hour away.

There are no fewer than 150 Laurentian Mountain resorts within 80 miles of Montréal — on sparkling rivers, on the shores of picturesque lakes and snuggled on the hillsides. You can stay in luxury hotels and lodges, modest *pensions* or well-equipped campgrounds, and take your pick of gourmet restaurants and friendly French-Canadian cafés.

Further north, the Laurentian Highway winds through de la Vérendrye Provincial Park, which covers thousands of square miles of good fishing lakes and evergreen



Man and His World exhibition, Montréal



forest. There are lodges and motels in the park as well as cottages and serviced campgrounds, and enough planned canoe routes and hiking trails to keep you busy all summer.

**Québec is a city
as well as a province.**

There's a super-highway that will get you from Montréal to Québec City, the provincial capital, in no time at all. But if time isn't important, Highway 2 along the north shore of the St. Lawrence is much more picturesque. It passes through one of the oldest settled areas in North America and through Trois-Rivières, where there's a fine 17th century Anglican Church and a store of priceless treasures in the Ursuline Convent.

Québec City stands on a high granite bluff overlooking the St. Lawrence, the

only walled city left on the continent north of Mexico. Inside the walls is the Citadel, a huge complex of old buildings surrounded by a moat. Outside are the Plains of Abraham, where the French and English fought for possession of Canada in 1759. Québec City is more completely French than Montréal, more picturesque and much closer to history than almost any other city in North America.

North of Québec City is the unspoiled wilderness of Laurentides Provincial Park, with more than 1,500 lakes and mountains reaching 4,000 feet into the sky. There are campgrounds and trailer parks, cabins and boats for rent in the park, and you can see all kinds of wildlife without straying very far from the highway that runs through it. Parts of the park are still unmapped, and if you're tempted to do some exploring in those areas you're advised to hire a guide to go along with you.

**The Gaspé
is out of this world.**

At St. Siméon, you can take a ferry across the St. Lawrence to tour the Gaspé Peninsula, jutting into the Atlantic like a crooked thumb. The Breton fishermen who settled along this rugged coast were cut off from the rest of the world for centuries. Now a smooth new highway circles the Peninsula, offering you a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to discover a way of life that hasn't changed much in generations, to sample subtle and distinctive cooking and to drink in 500 miles of spectacular seascapes.

The north shore is rough and rocky, the little villages separated from each other by high cliffs. The south shore is gentler, with broad bays and fine sand beaches. And spread between the two is Gaspésie Provincial Park, a wild region of deep valleys and tall peaks, virgin lakes and rivers running with Atlantic salmon. At Grande Vallée, you'll see tables used for drying the cod-catch and outdoor ovens used for baking delicious



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bread. At Rivière au Renard, you can meet the descendants of Irish immigrants whose ship was wrecked at Cap des Rosiers. At Percé (named for the giant pierced rock that towers over the beach) you can take a cruise to Bonaventure Island, one of the world's largest sea-bird sanctuaries. At New Richmond, you can buy Micmac Indian baskets and handicrafts. And at Pointe à la Croix, you can visit the Indian mission of Ste. Anne de Restigouche.

By the time you've circled the Gaspé Peninsula, you and your camera will have gathered enough wonderful memories to last you a lifetime.

*The copper-roofed
Chateau Frontenac Hotel
in Québec City*



What to do in Montréal.

Take the subway to Ile Ste-Hélène to see "Man and His World", the Aquarium, the Museum of Contemporary Art and La Poudrière theatre. Check the program at the Place des Arts for concerts, ballet, drama. See the sights by air-conditioned bus, by horse-drawn calèche or hire a guide at the Municipal Tourist Bureau and do the town on foot. For French-Canadian gifts and souvenirs, try the boutiques in Old Montréal and on Crescent and Mountain Streets.

What to do in Québec City.

See the Ursuline Convent (1639), the Basilica of Notre Dame (1647), the Québec Seminary (1663) and the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires (1668). See the Changing-of-the-Guard ceremony at the Citadelle. See the views from Dufferin Terrace. Cross by badge to Île d'Orléans to see rural Québec as it was two centuries ago.

Major festivals.

St Jean Baptiste Day, June 24, is celebrated with fireworks, dancing, parades right through the province. Arts and Crafts Festival, Saint-Jean-Port-Joli, last week in July. Shmmp Festival, Matane, last week in July. Rivière-du-Loup Summer Festival, July 18-August 3. Percé Festival, last two weeks in July. Québec Summer Festival of concerts, recitals, theatre, Québec City, July 17-27.

Further information.

For information on hotels and motels in Montréal and Québec City, details of accommodations in Provincial Parks and drive-yourself tour maps write: The Tourist Information Division, Dept. CG1, 150 Blvd. Saint-Cyrille East, Québec, Canada G1R 4Y3.

Ontario. It's no place like home.

You could drop England, Ireland and all 120 Bermuda Islands into Ontario, add Massachusetts, New York State and Texas, and still have room to spare. This immense province is blue with a quarter-million lakes, green with forested parkland and criss-crossed with highways threading into vacation country that starts just an hour away from the big and exciting cities.



Toronto's futuristic City Hall

The biggest city is Toronto, and in some ways it's the luckiest in North America. Toronto's major growth began after the Second World War, which meant that it could avoid many of the mistakes which had been made in other metropolitan areas. Planners were careful to preserve the worthwhile things, to create a city which is still a place for people to live in, rather than simply to work. For all its glittering lights and towering skyscrapers, Toronto is still clean and open, still green with parks and ravines, its downtown heart still filled with tree-lined residential streets.

Niagara Falls is barely 90 minutes away, and if you've never seen the Falls from the deck of the adventurous boat Maid of the Mist, you have a breathtaking experience in store. The city of Hamilton is close by, and so is Niagara-on-the-Lake, a lovely 19th century community with a famous summer festival of Shaw

plays. London is a quiet university town with an authentic log-cabin settlement at Fanshawe Pioneer Village. The Elizabethan-style theatre at Stratford is the home of the most admired Shakespearean productions on the continent. At Kitchener's colourful market, Amish and Mennonite farmers (originally from

Niagara Falls - a breathtaking sight



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Pennsylvania) offer varieties of fruits and vegetables that supermarkets don't stock any more. And for the energetic, the Bruce Trail, first used by Huron Indians, offers a hundred miles of scenic hiking along the peninsula between Lake Huron and Georgian Bay.

The shore of Georgian Bay (an hour and a half from Toronto) is part of a lake-and-forest vacationland stretching north, east and southeast to include Lake Simcoe and the Muskoka Lake resorts, the Kawartha Lakes, the Haliburton Highlands and enormous Algonquin Park, with its wilderness canoe routes, water sports and excellent fishing.

East of Toronto, where the St. Lawrence River joins Lake Ontario, is the historic city of Kingston. Kingston's Old Fort Henry was once the principal stronghold on the St. Lawrence. The barrack rooms, officers' quarters and artisans' shops are all furnished just as they were in the 1860's. Nothing's changed — not even the intricate 19th century drills performed by the Guard each day.

Canada's capital city.

Ottawa is Canada's Washington D.C. But instead of the Capitol, there are the Parliament Buildings. Instead of a teeming metropolis, there's a beautiful city with lots of open space, 75 miles of bicycle trails, picnic spots along the Rideau River where you can feed Royal Swans, and the kind of peace and charm you expect to find in an English university town. In the spring and early summer, the city is carpeted with daffodils, crocuses and literally millions of tulips. In July, it dresses in flags and bunting to celebrate Festival Canada with four exciting weeks of music, drama, sports and special events. And every summer day it entertains visitors with a traditional Changing-the-Guard ceremony on the lawns of Parliament Hill and with concerts played on the 53 bells of the great Peace Tower carillon.



Living history at Upper Canada Village



Meet the Mounties in Ottawa

The adventurous north.

Ontario's real wilderness is a huge block of lake and forest country, some of it barely explored, stretching around the top of Lake Superior and as far north as James Bay.

Thunder Bay, the terminus of the St. Lawrence Seaway and Canada's third-largest port, sits at the western end of Lake Superior and Sault Ste. Marie perches at the east end, on the narrow neck between Lakes Superior and Huron.

West of Thunder Bay is Fort Frances and the lovely highway through Lake of the Woods to Kenora. Kenora is a holiday town, busy with float planes flying



Rushing River Provincial Park, Ontario



The fishing is fantastic in Ontario!

fishing parties north. But you can see some of the wilderness by car. There's a good gravel road to Osnaburgh House, from where it's possible to pick up a guide and paddle the Albany River all the way to James Bay.

East of Sault Ste. Marie is a land as rich in minerals as it is in legend. At Cobalt, a railway blacksmith named Fred LaRose threw his hammer at a fox one day in 1903. He missed the fox, chipped a rock and found silver. At Kirkland Lake, Sir Harry Osakes was thrown off a train (he had no ticket) and landed a pick-handle's length from one of the richest gold mines in the world.

At Cochrane, you can catch the daily Polar Bear Express for the 186-mile trip to Moosonee. It delivers milk and mail, groceries and newspapers. It carries hunters, prospectors, bush pilots and (during the summer months) families of visitors to the hardy settlement on James Bay.

It's a beautiful way to see northern Ontario.

What to do in Toronto.

See the view from the 1,805-foot high Observation Gallery at the new CN Tower. Tour the fairy-tale castle of Casa Loma, visit the famous Royal Ontario Museum, the adjoining Planetarium and the new Art Gallery. See the Changing-the-Guard ceremony at Old Fort York and visit Black Creek Pioneer Village. Stroll through Kensington Market and shop in the boutiques around Yorkville. Picnic on Centre Island and spend a day at Ontario Place, an indoor-outdoor playworld built over Lake Ontario. Push, pull, guess and compete at the fabulous Science Centre. Take a trip to the wonderful Metro Zoo (new this year).

What to do in Ottawa.

See the Changing-the-Guard ceremony, tour the Parliament Buildings and the city's many fine museums. Check the summer program at the National Arts Centre for everything from symphony concerts to jazz, from drama to art movies. Take a cruise on the Rideau Canal. Shop at Byward Market and see the stores in the Sparks Street Mall. Visit the National Art Gallery and the Royal Canadian Mint. See the Mounties at the RCMP Training Centre. Drive to Upper Canada Village.

National parks.

Pukaskwa, on the northern shore of Lake Superior. Rugged terrain, unspoiled lakes, lots of wildlife. No highway. Accommodations in nearby Marathon and White River.

Georgian Bay Islands, accessible only by boat. Campgrounds, hiking trails on Beausoleil, largest of the 40 islands.

St. Lawrence Islands, boats, water taxis from adjacent mainland. Campgrounds at Mallorytown Landing and on Genadier Island.

Most provincial parks offer accommodations for campers, trailers. Write the Ministry of Industry and Tourism (address below).

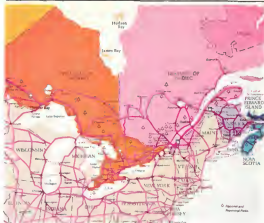
Major festivals.

Stratford Festival, June, to mid-October. Toronto Caravan (ethnic celebrations), late June. Summerfest, Kitchener, late July. Festival Canada, Ottawa, month of July. Highland Games, Brantford, early July. Wicwemikong Indian Pow-Wow, Manitoulin Island, early August. Miner's Festival, Cobalt, early August. Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, August 13-September 1.

Further information.

For details of farm vacations, write: The Ontario Federation of Agriculture, 387 Bloor St. East, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 1H9. For information on hotels, motels, cottages, houseboats, write: The Ministry of Industry and Tourism, Dept. CG1, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M7A 2E5.

The sign at the border says Welcome!



If you're a U.S. citizen or permanent resident, you don't need a passport or a visa to come to Canada. But to avoid possible delays, bring something (perhaps a birth, baptismal or voter's certificate) to establish your identity.

Anything to declare?

Generally speaking, you can bring anything you need for personal use. But you can't bring things to sell. You can bring 30 cigars, 200 cigarettes and either 40 oz. of alcohol or 24 cans of beer.

Coming by car?

Bring your Motor Vehicle Registration Form or (in the case of a rented car) a copy of the rental agreement. And ask your insurance agent for a Canadian Non-Resident Inter-Provincial Liability Insurance card. You'll find unleaded gasoline available pretty well everywhere you're likely to go.

Our money versus yours.

The rate of exchange fluctuates a bit from day to day, so change your dollars at a bank rather

than a store. Most of your credit cards, of course, are good in Canada.

Hunting and fishing regulations.

They vary from province to province. But you can buy licences and get all the information you need at most sporting goods stores and at all national and provincial parks.

Bringing pets?

No problem with cats, and all your dog needs is a valid rabies vaccination certificate less than 12 months old, signed by a licensed veterinarian.

Travel agents and carriers offer many ways to visit Canada, including package and group tours.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

DOUBLETAKE

One could imagine the fans going absolutely wild, cheering as the hero executes a full nelson while smiling winningly behind his granny glasses, booing as the villain lunges across the ring with a boa constrictor wrapped around his neck. But, alas, the words crowding the marquee of Detroit's Olympia Stadium were meant to be read *seriously*:

JOHN DENVER WRESTLING ALICE COOPER
April 25 April 6 April 8

CHECKMATE

The easy thing would be to damn Bobby Fischer for the wreckage of the world chess title match, in which he was to have played Russian challenger Anatoly Karpov. Fischer would not give in to the world chess federation (FIDE) on what appeared to be a minor point, so FIDE stripped him of his title and handed it to Karpov.

FIDE had accepted the first of Fischer's two "non-negotiable" demands: that the \$5 million title match, scheduled to begin June 1 in Manila, have an unlimited number of games, draws not counting, the winner being the first player to score 10 victories. But Fischer also insisted that in the event of a 9-9 tie he would retain his title (although prize money would be split evenly). This was rejected by a 35-32-3 vote of the first Extraordinary General Assembly in FIDE's 51-year history.

Although FIDE considered its action a compromise, Col. Ed Edmondson, executive director of the United States Chess Federation, sees more Byzantine implications. Edmondson notes that on the vote that went against Fischer, 12 Communist and Arab countries voted in a block with the majority. "Exactly what the U.S.S.R. Chess Federation wanted," says Edmondson. "Fischer had their prize egg and they wanted it back." The Russians, he says, were counting on Fischer's celebrated intransigence. If so, they gambled correctly: Bobby once again demonstrated his apparent need to

elevate stubbornness over a minor and arguable point to the level of lofty principle.

But if Fischer was mulish, so was FIDE. It is hard to take seriously Karpov's statement that it was a "big day" for Soviet chess now that "the world crown is back in our country." As Edmondson notes, "Karpov probably wanted to play Fischer. Now he'll be only a paper champion."

So the losers in all this are Fischer and Karpov. And don't forget the wood pushers of the world, who were looking toward Manila with such anticipation.

BETTER RED THAN . . .

Alert trivia fans may have noted already that this is the Year of the Big Mac in pro basketball, what with Bob McAdoo being chosen Most Valuable Player in the NBA and George McGinnis sharing MVP honors (with Julius Erving) in the ABA. Fine, but who remembers what 1973 was, MVP-wise?

The Year of the Red Head, that's what. Named MVP in '73 were Dave Cowens in the NBA and Billy Cunningham in the ABA. Call it coincidence, but college basketball's Player of the Year that season was Bill Walton.

HOMETOWN DISADVANTAGE

Although he lives just a few blocks from the Brigham Young campus, the conclusion is inescapable that Rich Ayers, a 260-pound center at Provo High, was foredestined to play his college football elsewhere. The first portent came when Duane Painter, a BYU assistant coach, paid a recruiting call on the hometown prospect. When Ayers confessed that he was leaning toward the University of Utah, he and Painter got to arguing. Soon things became downright huffy.

Learning of this untoward turn of events, Painter's boss, BYU Coach Lavell Edwards, launched a salvage operation, inviting Ayers to his office in Smith Fieldhouse. All went well until Ayers stepped outside and discovered that his

car, which had been parked in a restricted zone, was missing, impounded by campus police. He phoned his mother, and who should be sitting in the Ayers' living room but Utah Assistant Coach Evett Jones. Jones had driven down from Salt Lake City as soon as he learned that young Ayers was to meet with Edwards, and he now consented to pick up the stranded prospect, which is another way of saying he *fairly flew out the door*. Predictably, Ayers signed a letter of intent with Utah, while BYU settled for a consolation prize: the \$10 fine the high school star paid to get his car back.

EXIT LAUGHING

With ticket prices at Madison Square Garden scaled up to \$8.50—a big top if ever there was one—it was nice of the circus folks to send Buttons the Clown to New York City branch libraries last week for a series of free shows. Still, the



way Buttons chose to end his 30-minute appearances seemed rather curious. "All right, kids," he announced, "close your eyes and count to five." As the unsuspecting youngsters followed his instructions, the clown made a mad dash for the door.

Rescuing something out of the Millrose Games rather than Rungling Brothers, Buttons' hasty disappearing act often confused the children, some of whom raced noisily through library corridors in a vain attempt to find him. After a typically chaotic finale at the Jefferson Market branch in Greenwich Village, children's librarian Becky Koppelman said, "Buttons puts on a nice show but the ending is a little abrupt."

continued

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Buttons, a suitably cheerful 31-year-old North Carolinian whose real name is Leon McBryde, pleaded a tight schedule. "I have all these appearances to make," he explained. "If I don't get away in a hurry, the kids would trap me in a corner." McBryde added that the "crazy congregation of mirthful minutemen," as circus publicists call the clowns, have to defend themselves against children in many ways. "They want to touch your costumes and feel your big shoes, which is fine. But when they start pulling off your nose or ripping your clothes, that's going too far."

So let's hear it for Buttons. The pratfalls that he and other clowns routinely perform involve athletic ability, too, but running from children all day requires something extra. Especially since at 6'7" and 270 pounds he is the biggest of Ringling Brothers' mirthful minutemen.

DRAQ, TWIDDLE

After a dozen years as NBA commissioner, Walter Kennedy retires on June 1. To give the league owners ample time to choose a successor, Kennedy notified them of his intentions more than a year ago. And in Simon Gourdin, his second in command, he has trained a man who by every conceivable standard appears qualified for the job.

For their part, the owners have lived up to their roles. Endlessly quarrelsome as ever, they have failed to agree on Gourdin or anyone else through a succession of meetings. Having dragged their feet all together, they now are twiddling their thumbs separately. No further meetings are scheduled before June 1.

ALL WET

Much of the drama of this year's NAIA swimming championships was provided by Chicago State University's Fred Evans, who won the 100-yard breaststroke. For nearly five minutes after Evans' victory the crowd at Southwest Minnesota State College's pool stood and cheered, openly moved at having witnessed what was unquestionably a breakthrough: Evans is black, the first of his race ever to win a national swimming championship in the U.S.

Because his time of 59.63 was more than three seconds off John Hencken's American record, Evans' victory alone will not make a dent in the widely held notion that blacks are physiologically unsuited for swimming. This is an assumption

that recalls the once-cherished belief that black trackmen, while natural sprinters, were not meant to be distance runners. Swimming's version has it that blacks tend toward physical characteristics—heavy bone structure, dense muscles and the like—that make them what coaches call "sinkers."

To refute this, swimming will have to produce its equivalent of Kip Keino, Ben Jipcho and Filbert Bayi. The best to date is Enith Brigitha of The Netherlands, who moved to Amsterdam from her native Curaçao five years ago. She was a finalist in three events in the 1972 Olympics and runner-up in the 200-meter backstroke at the last world championships and she currently ranks as the third-fastest 100-meter freestyle swimmer in the world. "I've often wondered why U.S. blacks haven't done well swimming," she muses.

The likeliest answers have little to do with physiology. Swimming, observes Olympic hero Don Schollander, "is mostly a country-club sport, and country clubs discriminate." Peter Daland, coach of NCAA champion Southern Cal, says, "Pools and coaching aren't available to a wide segment of the population. Besides, disadvantaged families are oriented to sports with a professional outlet, where there's a payoff at the end." Sherrn Chavoor, U.S. Olympic women's coach in '72, says, "Blacks don't swim because it's in their minds, they've been led to believe, mistakenly, that they can't."

SPEAKING OF RABID

The struggle for the Stanley Cup is under way (*page 32*), time for a lot of self-styled fans—and not just those in Philadelphia, either—to work their cries for blood to a feverish pitch. Before being drowned out, let us speak of a like-minded group who, in another sport and season, packed a private, enclosed box at Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium to cheer on the Vikings. Swilling beer and raising their fists, they filled the air with profanities and assorted pleas to "kill him" and "knock his head off."

Suddenly a small bat appeared. As it fluttered around the area, a hush came over the raucous assembly, broken only by an occasional nervous joke. Few people seemed to be concentrating on the game and several of them covered as the creature flew by. At length the bat alighted on a table, but nobody made a

move. Finally one brave fellow armed himself with a paper cup and, sneaking up on the intruder, trapped it. A relieved but oddly subdued cheer went up. It was several embarrassed moments before the next "knock his head off" was heard.

Now where to borrow a few thousand bats until the Stanley Cup is over?

DOING A NUMBER

The magic number was five when Coby Orr, playing his very first round of golf, sank a hole-in-one at San Antonio's Riverside course. Coby used a five-iron (his only club besides a putter). He was playing hole No. 2, a 103-yarder. And that's also Coby's age. Five.

FRANK, BUT NOT MERRIWELL

Setting himself up as a sort of official scorer, Dr. David J. Burt, assistant professor of English at South Carolina's Francis Marion College, plowed through 31 modern novels dealing with football, a body of literature that included *Semi-Tough*, *North Dallas Forty*, *The Last Picture Show* and many lesser-known works. Then Burt got out the adding machine. By his painstaking compilation, 17 of the novels used commercialism in sport as a theme, the same number focused on adultery, while racism and drug dependency figured prominently in 12 and 10 novels, respectively. The more ambitious books contained all these elements—and gambling, groupies and orgies, too.

Burt's conclusion, spelled out in a paper delivered to the Popular Culture Association's convention in St. Louis, was that "the great American myth of the Frank Merriwell athlete" has been thoroughly and effectively debunked. In its place is the image of the football player as "a money-grabbing, pill-popping, sexually rapacious stud." That is, if you believe what you read in novels.

THEY SAID IT

- Brian Oldfield, shotputter, on his former job as instructor at a juvenile correctional institution: "It was the only place I could teach and not have to go to PT meetings."

- William (Judy) Johnson, Negro leagues infielder who was recently elected to the Hall of Fame, on why he took up baseball instead of boxing: "I could only spar with my sister, and Dad said I couldn't hit her in the face, chest or stomach. So all she did was belt me around." **END**

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LOVE CONQUERS ALL

Back to holding hands with Jimmy Connors, Chris Evert used both fists to bowl over Martina Navratilova in the Virginia Slims final and win the largest purse—\$40,000—in the history of women's tennis

by JOE JARES

Really big news spurted out all over the place at the \$150,000 Virginia Slims Championship staged last week in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. On the literary front it was learned that Julie Heldman is writing a tennis instructional for women, with the working title *They Also Serve*. The fashion parade was led by England's Virginia Wade, who actually won a match wearing a dress of frosted turquoise lamé with a Marie Antoinette diamond-necklace neckline (rhinestones, really). When she strolled on court she looked as though she had

chopped a few feet off a slinky evening gown before picking up her rackets. Then there was the latest episode of the sports world's favorite soap opera, *Chris Evert, Backcourt Wife*.

In our last installment Chris and her tennis-star sweetheart, Jimmy Connors, had called off their wedding, and Connors was seen squiring that cutie of the car commercials, Mean Mary Jean. Well, America, this is to report that Mary Jean, the White Rock girl and Betty Crocker are all out of the picture and Miss Evert is back in. On the good authority of the

society editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, the two champions were seen "holding hands while shopping the furniture room settings" at an L.A. store.

The sportswriters had a few tidbits to write about, too. Evert cruised through eight sets with the loss of only nine games to make her way into Saturday afternoon's nationally televised finals, where her opponent was the 18-year-old Czechoslovakian, Martina Navratilova. Evert started slowly, fell behind and then began to play aggressively, even at times charging to the net, an area heretofore



about as familiar to her as the left bunk of the Irrawaddy. She beat Navratilova 6-4, 6-2.

Her reward was a check for \$40,000, boosting her 1975 women's-tour earnings to \$121,450, which will buy a lot of love seats. Her poise and an array of laser-beam ground strokes invalidated her pre-tournament statement: "I don't consider myself No. 1 right now . . . there are four or five tough women players. It's so close that I don't think any one person stands out."

Increased depth on the women's circuit is a recurring theme from the players and their publicists. There were six different winners in the 10 Slams tournaments leading up to the championship in

continued

Navratilova (below) put on a magnificent acrobatic display, but Evert's precise passing shots put her down for the count, 6-4, 6-2.





Evonne Goolagong, seeded fourth in the tournament, was an Evert semifinal victim.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL *continued*

Los Angeles: Evert, Navratilova, Wade, Evonne Goolagong, Billie Jean King and Margaret Court, just back in sneakers after having her second child. Evert competed in eight tournaments, won three and was runner-up in two more, but there was no undisputed czarina, as Evert was last year and Court in 1973.

The women had more than depth to crow about. Each of their 10 tournaments offered \$75,000 in prize money and, for the first time, six of the 10 finals were carried by CBS, which claimed it was beating the NBC-televised men's matches in the ratings by a two-to-one margin. Was it only in 1970 that King and her little band of "women's lib" radicals broke away from the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association and launched the first Slims "tour"? Yes, it was. In five years two bitty tournaments offering less prize money than a spelling bee have blossomed into a big business. They should call it Virginia Fats.

The L.A. championship, however, was not as star-studded as it might have been. The semi-retired King, who is up to her new Afro hair-do in TV work, magazine publishing and selling toothpaste, had not played in enough tournaments to qualify. Court was suffering from a muscle tear in a calf and decided not to risk

further injury. That left Evert, Navratilova, Wade and Goolagong as the top seeds, and that was exactly the order in which they finished.

There were many who thought that the challenger with the best chance to knock off top-seeded Evert was the 29-year-old Wade, a mathematics graduate of the University of Sussex who won the first U.S. Open in 1968, the Italian Open in '71 and the Australian in '72. Wade went into L.A. on a hot streak, having won the previous two tournaments. In Dallas she had been down four match points to Navratilova in the final and fought back to win. In Philadelphia she beat Goolagong, King and Evert on consecutive days.

Her success was pleasing to the circuit's official dress designer, Ted Tinling, a tall, bald Englishman with prominent ears that make him look like a gargantuan pixie. He claims that he does not root for anyone, but like most of his countrymen he has often seen Wade tighten up and blow a match at sacred Wimbledon, where each summer she carries her tennis-loving country's hopes on her back.

"Perhaps she has learned a bit from Navratilova in the last few weeks," said Tinling in Los Angeles. "Martina keeps

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHERRY & LONG

the pressure on her opponents, whereas Virginia has had a tendency to let the spark die."

"I must say I'm playing well right now for me," said Wade with a smile. "Long may it last."

It lasted long enough to carry her through what was easily the finest match of the tournament. The first day was single-elimination and Wade knocked out willowy Wendy Overton 6-3, 6-1. Then the tournament moved into round-robin play, with the eight survivors divided into two groups. Wade beat Mona Schallau, then met budding author Heldman.

Heldman won the first set in a tie breaker 7-5, but Wade took the second 6-2 and seemed well on her way to winning her 13th match in a row. But all of a sudden Heldman won five straight games and led 5-1. Tinling left his seat to call the BBC in London and Wade saw him go. She admitted later that she relaxed at that point.

She then broke Heldman's serve, held her own and trailed 3-5 going into what turned out to be a marvelous ninth game. Heldman had match point five times, just one point from a big upset, and could not get it. Wade broke her, held serve, broke Heldman again, held again and won 7-5.

"She couldn't hit a ball in," said Wade. "She was shaking like a leaf."

"Choked on a match point," said

Virginia Wade was stopped by Navratilova.



Heldman "I choked. I don't have a killer instinct."

Homicidal or not, Heldman went on to beat Schallau, lost to Olga Morozova and went home with \$8,000.

The next night Wade was beaten by Navratilova in straight sets and her streak ended. But she had been playing some of the best tennis of her life, and this might be the year that Fleet Street can dust off its largest type for her long-awaited Wimbledon triumph. But then, Evert and Navratilova will be there, too.

The Czech girl is an interesting combination of cockiness, surliness and good cheer, which is understandable in an Eastern European teen-ager who has to undergo at least one interview a day. She is built along the lines of a Pilsener keg and constantly has to watch her diet. At least one of the outfits she wore last week appeared to be two sizes too small.

"Billie Jean was chubbier at 18 than Martina," says a veteran player. "Billie Jean had big legs, big legs."

Navratilova is probably the strongest woman in tennis, stronger even than Court, and she moves deftly, always following her left-handed serves and ground strokes to the net and looking to sock away volleys. Her forehand is lethal, so opponents tend to hit to her backhand, which is erratic. When she is getting her first serve in, it is difficult for her foe not to hit a high return that Navratilova swats with gusto.

In this, her third year on the Slims tour, this style has paid off nicely. She has a U.S. agent, Fred Barman, who has helped line up racket and shoe endorsement deals for her. Unlike the U.S.S.R.'s Morozova, who forks over all her winnings to her association, Navratilova this year will be allowed to keep 50% of hers. Ten or 20% after expenses goes to the Czechoslovakian tennis association, and the U.S. slurps up another 30% for taxes.

Navratilova earned more *korunas* on this tour (\$96,762.50 worth) than her father will earn in his lifetime, but she is getting sensitive about money questions.

"I really like the United States, but that's one thing I don't like," she says. "Everybody's crazy about money."

While Navratilova was dominating her half of the round-robin competition, beating Heldman, Wade and Schallau, Evert was toying with her opponents each night as boyfriend Connors looked on approvingly from the stands, shout-

ing "Ole!" after especially good shots. She allowed Janet Newberry just one game, Marcie Louie one, Morozova two and, in the Friday-night feature, five to Goolagong. Up till then she and Goolagong were 9-9 lifetime against each other.

After she had beaten Goolagong, Evert telephoned her father/coach in Florida even though it was 2 a.m. there. "The only thing that surprised me was that she didn't come up to the net against me," said Evert. "Last year she came to the net and that's why she beat me."

There is good reason not to come to the net against Evert. Her two-fisted backhand and excellent forehand passing shots leave opponents flustered waving at optic-yellow balls as they whiz by. It seems that Evert's ground strokes land only within a two-foot-wide strip on either side of the court. The rest of the court she doesn't need except when she's serving—a serve, incidentally, that one fellow pro says is "not the marshmallow it was two years ago." On the other hand, fail to rush the net against Evert and it's like playing tennis with a wall. The wall never loses.

Thus the final was a puncher-counter-puncher battle. Navratilova, who always rushes the net, vs. Evert, two years her senior, who is content to stay back at the baseline patiently stroking away, just as she has been doing for the last 14 years.

"I think Chris should win this one,"

said Wade before the match. "She has the ability to discipline herself, especially since she lost last week. On the other hand, Chris has gotten twitchy playing Martina."

Evert seemed anything but twitchy in the locker room. She was drying her hair with a blower, Navratilova was working on her hair nearby, records were playing, Rosie Casals was showing off her new mongrel dog, Midnight. It might have been the start of a pagama party instead of the beginning of the end of a \$150,000 tournament.

Navratilova distinguished herself in the match with some acrobatic volleys and half-volleys, and she made Evert struggle to hold service several times, but Evert was clearly superior, whether hitting precision passing shots, lobbing perfectly or, yes, volleying at the net.

"Oh, God!" Navratilova yelled at herself, in English. "Late, late!" and "You're so dumb!"

How courteous to the fans and the press that she should berate herself in English.

The match was over in one hour, six minutes. Evert had won her third Virginia Slims championship in the four years of its existence. Her \$40,000 was the highest first prize in the history of women's tennis. She had all that money, all those steady shots and Jimmy Connors, too, and it was only early April of her 21st year.

END



No longer on the outs, Jimmy and Chris were spotted shopping for furniture in Los Angeles.

A CREW OF PERFECT GENTLEMEN

Harvard was smooth and unabashedly rude when it won the 1974 national championship. In its first outing, this year's eight demolished a whole flotilla of powerful rivals while behaving impeccably at all times by DAN LEVIN

Somewhere along the way to winning the national championship last year, Harvard's crew picked up an epithet, The Smooth and The Rude—smooth because they were all of that on the water, rude because their exuberance ashore sometimes slopped close to the limits of taste. This year, apparently, a metamorphosis has taken place. As one Harvard oarsman explained last week, "Protecting a great achievement can provoke anxiety, and the success of this crew will depend on how we handle it. Harvard is a little more professional this year, a little quieter, and a lot less rude."

Last week The Smooth put its prestige on the line in an odd newcomer among major crew races. Back in Cambridge, the Charles River had been ice-free for only a month, yet here Harvard oarsmen were, at the third annual San Diego Crew Classic, taking part for the first time in a race that falls preposterously early in the season. On the starting line on Mission Bay, Harvard waited along-

side its major victims of last year—Wisconsin and Washington. Each was all but salivating—the battle cry at the SDCC in the days before the race had been "Get Harvard!" Ten seconds after the start Wisconsin and Washington were all but dead.

Harvard had been practicing starts, and after six strokes it was up by six seats. At 450 meters it was about to open water over second-place Washington. At 700 meters Harvard led by a length and a quarter, and at 1,200 meters it was Harvard by almost two lengths. The crew went on to beat Washington by five seconds—1 3/4 lengths—in 6:14.6 for the 2,000-meter course against a stiff headwind. Stroke Alan Shealy said, "Not real smooth, but powerful as hell."

He added, "When we can race like that, and not have rowed as a group until three days before, it's obvious we're going to get a lot faster. A month from now we'll be unbeatable."

That was the soul of Harvard speak-

ing. A reporter from the *Harvard Crimson* had put it this way, "There's this tradition at Harvard: you're a winner. That's why you're here, and if you don't win you're just wasting your time."

So call it a victory for tradition—and also maybe for the timing of vacations and for money. Washington had more impressive muscles than Harvard, and since crew cuts appear to be making a comeback in Seattle, less wind resistance. Wisconsin had done more running and lifted more weights. And California had the ice-free Oakland Estuary. But the Harvard oarsmen were on spring recess, and they had rich alumni in San Diego to put them up in a motel for a week. So Harvard, not quite certain it was the right thing to do, went West and made up for lost time. Blair Brooks, the No. 2 oar, said afterward, "The five days here, beating hell out of ourselves, did wonders. That's where I think we got most of our speed."

But before the race Brooks, a senior



who plans to go to medical school, had different ideas. "It's unbelievable," he said. "We've always had a warmup race. I don't see how we're going to make it through 2,000 meters this early in the season. People always say Harvard's the team to beat, but there's no telling how fast we are. I don't believe for a minute we're going to be fast until we are fast."

Dick Cashin, the No. 6 oar, a senior and a Chinese major, was saying, "Any way you cut the cake it's going to be hard racing again. It's always tough when everyone is saying, 'The highly touted Crimson,' and stuff like that. But I think we will be faster than last year. I know I'm moving better."

Harvard Coach Harry Parker was his typical low-keyed self. He said, "We won't get our boat working perfectly here. Washington and Cal will come a lot closer. They started hard training in January, but we didn't start until the third of February."

Each crew was an unknown quantity, and no one wanted to go overboard with predictions. Washington had an ice-free lake, but it also had a lot of 40° days when no one wanted to row on it and no

indoor tanks. Berkeley had wind and rain and no tanks. And though Wisconsin "rowed like crazy in the tanks," according to Coach Randy Jablonic, it also had Lake Mendota, which even today is covered with ice.

Washington Coach Dick Erickson said, "What we have is kind of exciting: crews getting here by different means, with different emphases in training. But as for my crew, I've got no illusions. I don't think we're where we ought to be."

Washington Stroke Jim Brinsfield relaxed by semi-seriously lowering his expectations on the eve of the race. "We had a fairly long airplane ride this morning," he said, "and only one quick workout. We're tired and we'll be lucky to get through 1,000 meters."

Berkeley's Steve Gladstone told his men, "You're rowing against a lot of very great crews tomorrow, but don't be swayed by reputations, by names, by the colors of their shirts." He did not emphasize that one of the colors was crimson. His men were high enough as it was. The day before the race one of them was asked, "What kind of an image would you like your crew to convey?"

"Anonymity."

"Anonymity?"

"No, anonymity."

"You mean animosity?"

"No, I mean animosity."

The pressure was getting to everyone. And then came race morning. Harvard's Shealy, a veteran of many big regattas, said at 7:30, "My stomach is turning inside out." The varsity eights were scheduled for noon, and there were 16 other races before then. Washington rowed two of them, the freshman eights and the junior varsity eights, beating Harvard in the latter. But still no one wanted to make predictions about the big one. Besides Harvard and Washington the powerhouses were Wisconsin and Cal. There was little talk of such dark horses as UCal at Irvine and Navy, and they finished fifth and sixth.

Harvard quickly eliminated the suspense. Considering the stage of the season, and of its preparations, the perfor-

mance was overwhelming. But all had known Harvard possessed at least the core of a great crew. Both Cashin and Shealy were members of last year's varsity and of the U.S. national team that went to Lucerne in September, unheralded, and won the world championship. And Blair Brooks and Tiff Wood, the three oar, were also on last year's boat. But all the rest were newcomers.

Seven oar is Ronnie Shaw, a senior, whose twin brother Robert plays football at Harvard. Shaw rowed on the junior varsity last year but worked in construction over the summer, came back pulling harder and made the big boat. John Brock, at five oar, is a 6'5", 215-pound sophomore, and only Cashin beats him on the ergometer. Junior Hovey Kemp is at four oar, and senior Gregg Stone at bow.

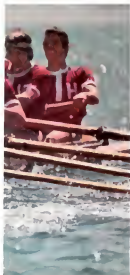
Based on his sacrifices alone, Coxswain Bruce Larson, a junior, seems to be just what a defending national champion needs. Larson is a big small man, or maybe he is a small big man. At 5'6" he is tall for a coxswain, but come crew season you can almost see through him. His racing weight is 114 pounds, his off-season weight well into the 140s and greater love hath no man.

After Harvard won, Larson said, "That was the most enjoyable race I've ever been in. We were so much under control. We could have put out much more if we had to."

So prospects look grim for a lot of college crews this season. Later this month, on the Charles, Harvard takes on Brown and Massachusetts on one Saturday and Princeton and MIT on the next. In May, out of town, it will be Navy again and Penn, then the Eastern Sprints, where Wisconsin will get another chance. On two Saturdays in June, at New London, Conn., Harvard will go four miles against Yale, and four against Washington, the first time the two powers will have met over that distance.

Before Harvard's win at San Diego, Erickson was saying, "We're going to see who did their homework this winter. I predict the winner will wind up the best in the country." And when it was all over he said, "The die is cast. There's Harvard, go get 'em."

END



Stroke by a subdued Alan Shealy, the Crimson pulled away from everyone at San Diego.



A six-month visit to Japan helped Wayne Young of BYU capture the all-around BIA.

HE WHO KEEPS COOL WILL COLLECT

The gymnasts who followed familiar Japanese technique and philosophy came away as winners at the NCAA championships **by LARRY KEITH**

If the NCAA gymnastics championships staged in Terre Haute, Ind., last week served to improve U.S. standing in this highly specialized sport, a salute, indeed a formal bow, is due the Japanese. Both the team and individual all-around winners—the University of California and Wayne Young of Brigham Young—

drew heavily on the techniques and philosophies of the world's premier gymnastic nation. The Japanese approach seems easy at first glance: a disciplined slow and easy does it. Over the years, however, the more impetuous U.S. gymnasts have been prone to leap in too strongly, and almost always unsuccessfully. But after

last week's orgy of double backflips and flying leaps, the Japanese style seems sure to spread throughout the country like transistor radios.

The Japanese hold that success comes only with complete mastery of basic movements in the six gymnastic events: floor exercise, side horse, rings, vault, parallel bars and horizontal bar. After that, one can throw in a touch or two of *Kamikaze*.

When the California team arrived in what the hometown crowd calls the Queen City of the Wabash Valley—four days early to take advantage of reduced air fares—it appeared to be outclassed. Both defending champion Iowa State and LSU were unbeaten in dual meets. Moreover, Indiana State, the host school, and Nebraska had shown greater scoring potential. The Nebraskans, in fact, pulled off the surprise of the meet when they finished fifth in the opening compulsories—after spending some 32 hours snowbound at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, keeping loose by working out on the terminal floor. Among their victims in this category was Iowa State, which in recent years has been to gymnastics what UCLA is to basketball. But then California showed a few Japanese-style advantages none of the other seven teams could claim: enough depth to overcome the loss of Steve Posner, a top all-around man, balance to produce four good scores in each event and experience in the dull but vital compulsory exercises. The Bears dominated the opening compulsories and, surprisingly, did it again in the optional routines. They marched into the final round with LSU and Southern Illinois.

By Saturday it seemed clear that the Far East philosophy was paying off. Surveying the LSU lineup, Cal Assistant Coach Masayuki Watanabe, a Japanese, murmured, "They are trying more difficult routines than ours. But our execution is better. I don't think we're ready for their routines." Then he hinted that perhaps LSU was not ready for its routines, either.

When the meet was over, Southern Illinois was third and California had posted a final score of 437.3 to LSU's 433.7. "This lets everyone see for the first time what we've been working on," said Tom Weeden, Cal's finest performer. "We ha-

ven't thought in terms of competition, just progress. We knew that when everyone on the team got to a certain level we would win. Our coaches wouldn't let us rush or skip steps. It takes more time, but it works." Coach Hal Frey agreed: "I don't know if this is the beginning of a dynasty, but it could be."

Gymnastic dynasties notwithstanding, Frey minimizes the importance of collegiate titles. "The No. 1 goal of any gymnast should be to win an Olympic gold medal," he says. "I would even say that just making the Olympic team is more important than winning the NCAA title. Like the Japanese, we have to be more concerned with international success. That's why it's such a real advantage for me to have Watanabe as an assistant. I'd like to see other schools do the same."

Were it not for the fact the BYU's Young had his own Oriental masters, California might have added the individual title as well. Two years ago Young had gone to Japan for six months of training at three universities. "He was very rough when he left," says Brigham Young Coach Bruce Morganegg, "but when Wayne returned he had matured as a gymnast. He was more introspective and analytical. His workouts had become more meaningful." Young's wife Carol recalls "how confident and self-assured he was. It was hard adjusting at first because I didn't understand him. But he explained how the Japanese teach you to believe in yourself."

During his journeys Young met a Japanese instructor named Greg Sano, who has since started coaching at Brigham Young. And last week at Terre Haute, Sano was looking suitably inscrutable behind dark glasses as Young sought the all-around title.

He started firmly with 53 points on the opening compulsories. Later, in his motel room Young ate slices of an orange and carefully planned the strategy it would take to win. "You know, I will need at least a 9.1 in the pommel horse," he said. "That's my toughest event. I can't fall off the thing like I did during my compulsory routine at the conference meet."

Young was glad that the floor exercise would come first, since "It's pretty difficult to fall off the floor." And even though tendinitis in his knees has limited Young's training for this event, the routine went well, a 9.25 score. But the

pommel horse, considered the most difficult event for almost every all-arounder, was next on the schedule.

Taken as an art object, the pommel horse does not look all that menacing. It is no bigger than the average pony, but with a rider aboard it can behave worse than a bucking bronco. The difficulty for gymnasts is in the constant movements that are required to move from one end of the horse to the other. There are handles, true, but they are used primarily for the difficult scissor-leg movements. Generally, the gymnast must move across the top of the horse on his palms—and in this instance the pommel-horse routine takes on overtones of a bareback ride at high speed. There are plenty of places to get off, but no safe way of doing it. When Young got off, it seemed clear he had done well, but how would the judges react? Nicely, thanks: 9.4, 9.2, 9.5, 9.3 or, after averaging the two middle scores, a fine 9.35.

"I've got it!" Young told Sano. Then he turned to see Morganegg, who had come down out of the stands to shake his hand. "Once before in a situation like that I thought about how well I was doing, and I fell off," Young said later. "This time I just concentrated on my routine."

And that did it. Obviously intent, Young finished with an outstanding 109.65 overall. "This is the best I've ever seen him," Sano said. "He now has a chance of challenging the top 10 in the Olympics."

That would indeed be high ground for

the U.S., which has not produced an Olympic medal winner since 1932. The country's best hope in recent years was the diminutive Cathy Rigby, but even she finished out of the money in 1972.

Young and other top U.S. gymnasts believe there is more to their lack of success than underdeveloped skills. "I'm a novice internationally," he says. "I was in my first foreign meet only six months ago. But I've seen how difficult it is for Americans to get good scores even when we do deserve them. If I ever do reach the top 10, I'll feel as if I'm actually in the top five. That's how nationalistic the judging is."

With his touch of international experience and the NCAA title, Young may be America's leading hope in the Olympics. "I don't classify myself as the best in this country because I might lose next week," he says, "but there's nobody I can't beat. A year ago I couldn't say that."

"When I met Wayne," says Sano, "he told me he wanted to become an Olympian. So we set a schedule. Pretty soon he will be ready for more difficult routines. I don't like to hurry. It's best to build little by little."

That might also have been Watanabe talking about his California gymnasts. "You build a foundation first," he says. "You make that solid, then you add the more difficult stunts. I think other schools will start to go along with this, too."

If so, it will be the ones with a year for success.

END



Having a Japanese assistant coach helped the University of California win the team honors.

IN THE NBA IT'S MUSCLE...



Elvin Hayes of the Bullets checks Cowens, the Celtic strong man, on his way to the basket.

New faces dot the playoffs, but when it's all over toward the end of May, you'll probably recognize Boston or Washington **by PAT PUTNAM**

Now that the millstones of the NBA have eliminated the chaff—including some hunks not used to being eliminated, like Milwaukee and Los Angeles—it is time to get serious about pro basketball, which means the playoffs, the fourth third of the season. It took 82 games for the NBA to eliminate just eight teams (over in the ABA, they got rid of only two), and this week the surviving 10, including teams that have never been

in the playoffs—Houston in the East and Kansas City-Omaha and Seattle in the West—began the series of eliminations that will run past Mother's Day and on toward the end of May. No matter. A lot of extra box-office money is involved and eventually a champion will emerge in time to start training for next season.

When it is over, the last team standing, if barely, should be either Boston or Washington. They are easily the class of

the East, which this year is the class of the NBA. Still, this is the season that started so bizarrely with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's hand broken and Dave Cowens' foot fractured. If the whole show now closes with as much predictability as it opened, the new champion could be Seattle, winning in seven games over Houston after pressing Bill Russell into emergency duty at center.

The ABA hasn't been all that complicated, with only Kentucky and New York winning more games than they lost in one division and Denver playing a stunning solo role in the other. The only real excitement came just at the end, when the Nets misplaced their defense and blew a five-game Eastern Division lead. As a result, Kentucky slipped into a tie with New York, and then mugged the Nets in a one-game playoff.

Now, after everyone else gets lost in the playoff preliminaries, the same pair should do it all over again to see who draws Denver in the final. That's a little like two of Napoleon's armies slugging it out for the right to invade Russia.

In the NBA East, where Boston and Washington dominated their respective divisions once things got sorted out, the whole season may have hinged on one game—the tough contest in which Boston beat Washington 95-94 last Friday. By the time the playoffs are over, that one point could have determined the championship.

The victory made the Celtics' record half a game better than the Bullets', and two days later the regular season ended with them tied for the conference championship. But by virtue of its better in-conference record (12 losses to 14), Boston got the No. 1 spot, the home-court advantage and at least seven days to rest. Beyond that, the win meant that the Celtics would not have to open the playoffs against Buffalo—the third-best team in the conference and possibly the third-best team in the league—but could take

continued

... BUT IN THE NHL, IT'S BRAINS



If any team can stop the Flyers, it will first have to outthink Bobby Clarke and then try to outshoot Bernie Parent in goal **by MARK MULVOY**

Forget, for a moment, Bernie Parent against Ken Dryden. Or Bobby Clarke against Gilbert Perreault. Or Guy Lafleur against Richard Martin. And forget the Boston Bruins, period. Unless the ice melts first, what the Stanley Cup playoffs should come down to—sometime near the end of May, long after Gordie Howe *et fils* lock up a second straight WHA World Cup for the Houston Aeros—is a sing-a-long shootout between

M. Roger Doucet and Ms. Kate Smith, the best voices in the game. Doucet is the stately white-haired baritone whose crisp tones bring tears as he stands at center ice before Montreal home games singing *O Canada*. Ms. Smith, of course, is the ultimate weapon of the Philadelphia Flyers, who play her recording of *God Bless America* before games of mild importance but import her for a personal warbling before contests classified as cru-

All-Star Center Bobby Clarke (16) is capable of taking over a game at either end of the ice

cial. Ask Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. In her last live appearance at the Spectrum, Kate the Great, as she is known around Philadelphia, hexed the Bruins in the final game of the 1974 playoffs, and the upstart young Flyers won the cup. Now, God bless her, she is ready for an encore.

Melodies aside, as the marathon chase for Lord Stanley's 550 mug began its stretch run this week, the 12-team field consisted of but three legitimate contenders and nine pretenders with dubious credentials. The contenders—Philadelphia, Buffalo and Montreal—all finished the regular season with 113 points, all won their division handily and all will enjoy an opening-round bye, as will Vancouver, which clinched the Smythe Division championship last Friday night in the 80th and final game of the schedule. Philadelphia, however, also earned the important No. 1 seed thanks to winning two more games than the Sabres and four more than the Canadiens. The Flyers' top ranking means they will hold the home-ice advantage through the playoffs.

That fiendishly complex new format, whereby a team's point total over the regular season now determines its pecking order in each of the four playoff rounds, was also responsible for nine of the 12 cup qualifiers—including all three of the contenders—having pivotal games to play last weekend. Philadelphia, for instance, had to beat the New York Islanders and the Atlanta Flames to gain that No. 1 seed, while Buffalo had to win at Toronto in order to maintain its hold over Montreal in the win column and secure a home-ice advantage over the Canadiens in the likely event that they meet in the semifinals.

Pittsburgh captured the No. 3 seed among the non-bye teams for this week's best-of-three elimination round, and the New York Rangers gained home-ice advantage for their Expressway series against the brash Islanders in the only battle between divisional rivals. St. Lou-

continued

it easy for a week before encountering the survivor of Houston and New York on Sunday or Monday.

New York? The Knicks' appearance in the playoffs came as something of a surprise, since they had scattered for weeks on the brink of elimination. But last Sunday, in national TV's full glare, they pulled themselves together and beat Buffalo. And then Cleveland, which would have made the playoffs if it had won, lost to Kansas City-Omaha. At least the TV people were happy to have New York on the line, if only for a while.

For the Celtics, age is a critical factor in the forefront, where John Havlicek (35), Doc Nelson (34) and Paul Silas (31) are not young. And fatigue is a possible problem also with Dave Cowens, who is only 26 but who plays harder than three normal people and who was somewhat erratic in the final weeks.

Toward the end, Cowens had depended less and less upon finesse and quickness and more on sheer strength and tenaciousness, sometimes playing like a tired man. It is not a new problem for him. Last season after Boston was as-

sured of winding up with the best record in the conference, Cowens was sent home for three days to Kentucky under the pretense of resting a sore knee. Without him, the Celtics split games against Atlanta and Houston. When Cowens came back, he was refreshed and devastating in the playoffs.

Of course, there is also the money. By pulling even with Washington in the final week, the Celtics got to split with the Bulls a \$107,300 regular-season bonus pot: half of the \$40,000 for posting the league's best record and half of the combined \$40,000 for winning and \$27,300 for finishing second in the conference.

And so, Washington draws Buffalo in a best-of-seven opening-round match. The Braves wound up 11 games behind Boston, but they are quick and strong and they have Bob McAdoo, the league's Most Valuable Player. Across the season, Buffalo and Washington beat each other twice.

Washington's fortunes will turn on the health of All-Star Phil Chenier, one of the league's best defensive guards, who also averages 21.8 points a game. But he

aggravated an old back injury against New Orleans on April 1 and hasn't played since.

Without Chenier, the Bulls are operating without a key part of their attack. Many of Washington's plays are geared to utilize Chenier's outside shooting, and his absence puts a strain on the offense. Jimmy Jones, who came to the Bulls only this season, is a more-than-able replacement, but the six-time ABA All-Star is a driver, which Chenier is not, and his style breaks the mold.

"The starting unit has really been close knit, and I still don't feel like a part of it," Jones says. "The guys still don't know actually how I play."

"We lost in Boston, and Chenier being out didn't help us," says K. C. Jones, the Bulls' coach. "But I can't offer that as an excuse for losing. We needed that game, primarily because it would have given us enough time off to be sure that Phil would be ready. Now he may have to play sooner than we'd like."

In the West, where the Lakers and the Bucks played themselves into a spectator's role and Detroit nearly did, it has

*continued*HOCKEY *continued*

is beat Chicago and won the right to meet the Penguins, while the Black Hawks matched up with the Bruins and No. 1-seed Los Angeles squared off with the Maple Leafs.

"Listen," said Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman. "No team is safe in that first round. One hot game by a goaltender and—whoosh—you're gone." Philadelphia Captain Bobby Clarke agreed with Bowman, something he had never done before. No, don't invite Clarke and Bowman to the same sauna room. "The worst team could win a three-game series," Clarke explained, "but I think the best team would usually win a five- or seven-game series. All I know is that I'm glad we'll be practicing instead of playing."

Stated simply, Clarke is the major reason why Philadelphia probably will win the cup again, even if Kate Smith comes down with laryngitis. For sure, the Flyers still have Bernie Parent, who might "save more than the Lord," as bumper stickers all over Philadelphia read, and who won the Vezina Trophy with a goals-against average of 2.03. They also boast an immobile but immovable defense, have sev-

eral pugnacious forwards with names like Hound (Bob Kelly), Hammer (Dave Schultz) and Bird (Don Saleski) and strong scoring threats such as Rick MacLeish, Ross Lonsberry, Bill Barber, Gary Dornhoefer and Reg Leach.

"Forget everything else because they all probably equal out somehow," said Montreal's Bowman. "The trick against the Flyers is to neutralize Clarke, but no team has ever been able to neutralize Clarke for very long. He is the best defensive forward in the game. You know, in the first 60 games, he was on the ice for only 14 goals against the Flyers. Absolutely unbelievable. At the same time you can't call him a defensive forward because he scored 27 goals and set a record with 91 assists."

Bowman shook his head slowly. "Another thing about Clarke," he said, "is that you can't say before a game that 'I hope Clarke doesn't play well tonight.' Clarke always plays well. Why? Because he's a lot smarter than the other guys. He knows the guys he can intimidate, so he intimidates them. He knows the guys to avoid, so he avoids them. And another

thing. Whenever one of the Philadelphia forwards is playing badly, they put him on Clarke's line and he immediately begins to play well. Clarke is the salvation for a lot of their guys."

Clarke smiled when informed about Bowman's comments. "He's just trying to psych out everyone for the playoffs," he said. "How can I intimidate anyone? With Henn Richard injured, I'm smaller than all the Montreal centers. Who's Bowman kidding, anyway?"

Montreal and Buffalo, meanwhile, approach the playoffs with peculiar perspectives. The Sabres, now the biggest, fastest and youngest team in the game, rudely whipped the Canadiens four times this season but failed to beat the Flyers in any of their four confrontations. "Playing Montreal is no trouble for my kids," said Buffalo General Manager Punch Imlach, "because we're basically a skating club, like the Canadiens. We also have a lot of young French-Canadians who always give an extra burst against Montreal. But when we go against Philadelphia, we never know what to expect, a battle or a hockey game."

continued



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Opel

It is late Saturday night. The mysterious clanking noises from within the Doctor's chambers have subsided. And it is very quiet.

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been a year of negatives. Golden State was not supposed to have an especially good season, but wound up with 48 victories and the conference championship, mainly because it was able to dominate its own division. The Warriors will have the week off and then face the winner of the short Detroit-Seattle series—a plus—but they still haven't found a take-charge guard. And they went through the season with two slender forwards as starters and were often overpowered by other peoples' muscle.

Still, there is Rick Barry, scoring as brilliantly as ever, and Clifford Ray, the center who came from Chicago with questionable credentials to become the catalyst that turned Golden State into a winner. Once suspect because of a knee injury that required post-season surgery two years ago, Ray has been outstanding for the Warriors.

"Early in the season I thought they were playing over their heads," says Laker Coach Bill Sharman, "but they aren't. They are very quick. They rebound well. They move the ball fast. If they can stay healthy, they have a shot at the title."

But to get that far the Warriors will have to beat the Seattle-Detroit winner and then either Chicago or Kansas City-Omaha, the braising opponents in the opening matchup of the West's second- and third-best teams. Chicago was the leader in the Midwest (with only 47 victories), but lost five out of nine to the Kings over the season. Kansas City-Omaha is an opportunistic team, no longer to be taken lightly. It was 17-9 against the Bulls, the Bucks and the Pistons—three teams that a year ago had a combined mark of 165-81.

"We are in a funny division," says Dick Motta, the Chicago coach. "If I had said a year ago that Milwaukee wouldn't be in the playoffs and that Kansas City-Omaha would be fighting for first place, no one would have believed me."

Slowed at the beginning of the season by several serious contract disputes, the Bulls never came close to expectations. They had traded Ray to Golden State for Nate Thurmond, and then discovered that while the big center still can rebound and play defense, age has crippled his offense. Once one of the best centers in the

NBA, the 33-year-old Thurmond now moves about at a walk.

Without a first-rate big man, Motta may not have to worry about the playoffs beyond the opening round. The Kings have Sam Lacey in the pivot, a powerful 230-pound giant who has come on as one of the NBA's finer centers. Lacey has enabled the Kings to play team defense, which means that their big man in the middle is good enough to cover other peoples' mistakes. In their first full year under Phil Johnson, the Kings have also given up their helter-skelter offense for a more controlled attack. "I don't care who scores," Johnson told them, "I just want the best percentage shot." What he got was five men, led by his dazzling guards, Nate (Tiny) Archibald and Jimmy Walker, scoring in double figures.

The Western Conference playoffs won't lack for excitement. It is only when the winner moves East that mere excitement may not be enough. As K. C. Jones said, "Anybody can make the playoffs. But once you get there you have to like the team that has been there the most. And that's Boston." **END**

HOCKEY *continued*

Loosely translated, what Imlach means is that Buffalo's French Connection line of Center Gilbert Perreault and Wings Richard Martin and Rene Robert—easily the most potent collective force in the NHL—decimated the Canadiens in every game, particularly in Montreal, but rarely dented the Flyers' defenses, especially in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia bundles the French Connection by playing Clarke against Perreault most of the time and assigning Winger Gary Dornhoefer to remain at Martin's side, or even closer than that. "The secret against Perreault," said Clarke, "is to force him to one side of the ice, either side, and take away half his skating room. If you let him skate, there's no way you can stop him."

To make the finals, Buffalo must conquer inexperience and a questionable goaltending situation. "We don't have much experience, that's for sure," said 22-year-old Captain Jim Schoenfeld, one of the five monster defensesmen that the Sabres seem to have borrowed from the Buffalo Bills. Imlach thinks he shored up his goaltending with the recent acquisition

of Gerry Desjardins, who jumped from the Islanders to the WHA this season, then leapt back to the NHL when the Michigan Stags moved to Baltimore. But Desjardins might also lack the particular type of experience Imlach is seeking; he has played in only one Stanley Cup game in his six NHL seasons.

Montreal has no goaltending worries, now that Ken Dryden has completely regained the form he displayed before taking his sabbatical last year, but Bowman—a basic worrywart—always manages to find some kind of problem. Forward Guy Lafleur doesn't qualify, not with his record 53 goals. Neither does Center Pete Mahovlich with his 35 goals and 81 assists. Bowman, though, cannot understand why Left Wing Steve Shutt will not stay behind Mahovlich and Lafleur as a trailer on their rushes. "If Shutt stays back," Bowman said, "it would be like following two millionaires around. All he has to do is pick up their loose change and he'll get rich." But Shutt hardly is a candidate for food stamps either, having scored 30 goals.

Bowman does have one legitimate

worry: Yvan Cournoyer. Remember Cournoyer the speedster? Forget Cournoyer the speedster. For now, anyway. Bothered by various leg injuries and groin pulls, he skates only as fast as the other players on the ice; consequently, his goal production dropped this year from 40 to 29 and he became a utility man. "You will hear from me in the playoffs," Cournoyer said.

Don't expect to hear too much from the Boston Bruins, last season's cup finalists. Despite Orr, who scored a record 47 goals for a defenseman and won the scoring championship with 135 points, and despite Esposito, who managed to score 61 goals even though one of his regular linemates, Wayne Cashman, was injured much of the time and the other, Ken Hodge, was ineffective, the Bruins barely crawled to the finish line behind Buffalo in the Adams Division. Not even the most diehard Gallery God in the Boston Garden thinks their season will last into May.

Still, we can expect to hear from Yvan Cournoyer, or so he says. And, for sure, from M. Doucet and Ms. Smith. **END**

**DUROCHER
PART 2**

TALES OF LEO AND LARRY

In which Duracher becomes the manager of the Dodgers, battles for and with his explosive bass and wins a famous pennant race

by LEO DUROCHER
with ED LINN

ILLUSTRATION BY DICKIAN PELLERIN



YANKS



In order to become a big-league manager you have to be in the right place at the right time. That's Rule 1. There were 130 million people in the country in late 1938, and there were 16 jobs for managers. To look at it another way, there were 16 men in the country who were in a position to hire me for one of those jobs. The main thing I had going for me was that it was the era of the playing manager. In the National League, a playing manager had won the pennant for seven straight years. In the American League, only the Washington Senators under the boy manager, Joe Cronin, and the Detroit Tigers under Mickey Cochrane (twice) had been able to break the dominance of Joe McCarthy's Yankees. To make the timing even better, Gabby Hartnett had taken over the Cubs from Charlie Grimm with 10 weeks left in 1938 and had brought the team on to win the pennant, just as Grimm himself had done in 1932 when he had taken over from Rogers Hornsby.

Everything runs in cycles, though, *continued*

MacPhail and Durocher are cheered by Brooklynites celebrating the '41 pennant. The Yanks? Unbeatable.

and by the end of World War II the playing manager had somehow fallen into disrepute. The new wisdom was that playing and managing was simply too much for any one man to handle.

Ridiculous. I loved being a playing manager. It was easier than managing from the bench. I was into everything, my wheels were spinning all the time. The two things a manager does when his team is on the field are move players and decide when to take the pitcher out. It's much easier to move a player when you're right in the middle of it, and you also have a far better sense of when your pitcher is beginning to lose it. When you're on the bench you have to call to the catcher to look over. When I was playing shortstop, he was looking right at me. If I left my glove open, I wanted a certain pitch. Direct communication. Sometimes I'd just make a fist. What that meant was, you call it, buddy, go on. You're catching, you know him better than I do, you're my captain, you run the show, I've got all the faith in the world in you. When the team is at bat you're in the dugout anyway. Except when you're on base, leading the club by example. Is that so bad?

I get a kick out of reading how difficult it is going to be for Frank Robinson to manage the Cleveland Indians and also serve as designated batter. Since when has swinging a bat every half hour or so become so taxing on the brain? My bet is that Frank's presence in the lineup will give the club a shot in the arm. The Cleveland situation was made for Frank Robinson, and Frank Robinson was made for it. A good baseball city, hungry for a winner. A city with a large black population. There's no way they're not going to turn out to root Frank on, and if he begins to develop a winner, boy, that big Municipal Stadium on Lake Erie is going to be jumping again. And that's where the presence of a playing manager will really begin to help. That isn't a script they're acting out there, you know. It's 50 men whose lives are on the line every day. Do you think a game-winning home run by Frank Robinson isn't going to have more drama than a game-winning home run by anybody else? The players will react to the drama, the fans will react to them, the players will react to the fans, and it will just build and build. Just as it did in Brooklyn.

I always said that when it came to naming the first back manager, Rule 1 would still apply. It was going to be the man who

was in the right place at the right time. Robinson was hired because Phil Seghi was the man at Cleveland who had the power to do the hiring. As simple as that. Seghi had been the head of the Cincinnati farm system when Frank Robinson came up and he had seen Frank grow from a wild kid to a confident clubhouse leader. You never know what kind of manager anybody is going to make, but you'd have to be crazy to bet against him.

For the same reason I thought for sure that Maury Wills was going to make the breakthrough in San Diego last year. Because Buzzie Bavasi, the club president, was there to give the job to him. Buzzie had been the general manager in Los Angeles through Maury's years as field captain and clubhouse leader of the Dodgers. He couldn't help but know that Maury has everything it takes to make a good manager. I don't know what happened.

The man who could make me manager of the Dodgers was their president, Leland Stanford MacPhail. MacPhail was a wild man. A big, beefy redhead. Like Branch Rickey, he was a man of great imagination. Unlike Rickey, he was a man of physical action. To give you an idea, as the Armistice ending World War I was about to be signed, he and a group of fellow U.S. officers went into Holland to try to kidnap the Kaiser. They did not succeed—and the Armistice probably averted an international incident and saved them from a court-martial.

MacPhail did things, and when you do things, other things, unexpected things, are always happening around you. As general manager of the Cincinnati Reds, he had persuaded the league to allow him to install lights and play seven night games, an innovation which the Old Guard viewed as a threat to the very fabric of baseball and quite probably as an end to our way of life.

The St. Louis Cardinals were the sixth team on the list of night games, but we were the Gas House Gang, the defending champions, and so MacPhail had set up special excursion trains and buses to Cincinnati from the entire Ohio Valley. That was a mistake. With the trains and buses arriving late, the people in the back of the grandstand rushed down and filled the empty seats. When the buses hit the stadiums just before the game started, the fans stormed the gates.

As the game was about to get under

way, half a dozen guys who apparently had never been in a major league park before sat down right behind second base, opened their beer bottles and prepared to watch the game. While the police were clearing them out of there, almost everybody else came pouring over the barriers.

The field was completely encircled by fans. They were three or four deep all the way down the foul lines, behind the catcher and in massed ranks behind the outfielders. You could forget all about chasing foul balls. No chance. Anything that went into the crowd in the outfield was an automatic double.

As a matter of fact, they completely took over the Cincinnati dugout, forcing the players to sit against the backstop. They knew better than to try to take over our dugout. I guess they'd heard about Joe Medwick.

I swear to Heaven it was a miracle that nobody got killed. The fans were standing so close to home plate that you couldn't swing without coming within a couple of feet of somebody's head. Early in the game, a curving line drive hit one spectator flush in the face. He was carted away, and nobody else moved an inch.

As one inning was about to start, I looked around and saw Medwick standing on the line a few feet behind third base arguing with a gorgeous blonde. Paul Dean was already in his motion, and since you couldn't hear anything from here to there, I had to go running in and scale my glove past his ear.

The best was yet to come. In the eighth we were leading 2-1. The first Cincinnati batter went out, the next man walked and up toward the plate strode Babe Herman. Before he got there, the blonde—who had moved so within a few feet of the plate by that time—stepped out of the crowd and plucked the bat from his hand. She took her stance in the batter's box, high heels and all, and motioned for Paul to pitch to her. You can look it up. Best-looking strike zone I ever saw. She had been telling Medwick all evening that even she could hit better than he could, and now she was going to prove it.

God knows what would have happened if Dix had been pitching. He'd probably have said she was digging in on him and knocked her down. Poor Paul didn't know what to do. Twice in a row he went into a big exaggerated windup and then stepped off the rubber and looked in toward the plate umpire, Bill Stewart. What could Stewart do? Judge

continued

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OCT. 74

Landis was there in his box, and even he had been afraid to do anything. We were playing the game only because.

1. MacPhail wasn't going to give all that money back.

2. If we didn't play it, they'd have torn the park down.

With nobody making a move, Paul Dean bent forward as if he were throwing the ball to a little kid and flipped it up to the plate underhand.

And she hit it. She hit a little twisting ground ball down between first base and the pitcher's mound and set out—lucky splat, clikety click—for first base. Paul Dean, came to the end, fielded the ball and threw her out.

Turned out she was a nightclub singer. Got herself a lot of publicity and was promptly hired by a Cincinnati club that belted her as the only woman ever to come to bat in a big-league ball game.

As soon as MacPhail came to Brooklyn—in 1938, the same year I did—things began happening there, too. He started by getting permission to play night games, making Ebbets Field the second major league park to install lights. In our first night game the opposing pitcher was Johnny Vander Meer, who had pitched a no-hitter his previous time out. So what does he do in the first night game played at Ebbets Field but become the only man ever to pitch two consecutive no-hitters. And now a question for all you trivia fans: Who do you think made the 27th out? Right. In the ninth inning Vander Meer walked three men, and there I was with the bases loaded and two out. I hit the ball just as good as I could hit it, a line drive which Harry Craft, the Reds' fine centerfielder, caught off his shoe tops.

The only thing Larry didn't have was a ball club. We were awful. With three weeks left in the season Burleigh Grimes told me that he wouldn't be coming back as manager. "Leo," he said, "why don't you apply for the job?"

I wanted it so bad I could taste it. Still, there are certain amenities that must be observed in baseball. I said, "No, you're the manager of this ball club, Burleigh. I can't."

To which he said, just as I had anticipated that he would, "I'm already gone, Leo. MacPhail just told me."

When I went in to see Larry, he looked at me like I had 22 heads. "What makes you think you can manage a ball club?"

he roared. "You've never managed one before. What makes you think you can handle 24 other players? You can't even handle yourself. What makes you think you're smart enough to handle a ball club?"

Well, there was one thing I knew I had, and that was confidence. And that's the main thing you need when you apply for your first managerial job. When you walk in there like that, what you really are saying is that you have the brains, the experience, the leadership ability and the will to win. Larry obviously didn't think I had anything but galk. "Well, I can't prove it to you sitting here in this chair," I told him. "The only way I can prove it is out there on the field."

I never had been able to handle myself responsibly? So what? That isn't what players look for or respect you for. They're not college students, they're professional athletes. Physical men. They respect the pitcher who knocks them down and the base runner who bowls them over. They respect the guy who picks up the big pots in the card games. They respect the guy who lives hard and flies high.

All I needed was the opportunity, I had told MacPhail, and he had made it perfectly clear that I wasn't going to get it from him. "You a manager?" he said. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard." But remember what I said. If you have never been a manager before, it's all a matter of being in the right place at the right time. Since I knew I wanted to manage eventually, I had got into the habit of going to baseball meetings whenever they weren't being held too far from my home in St. Louis. Just to show myself. Just to stand around and talk to the men who were going to be in a position to hand out one of those precious 16 jobs.

The Cubs, of course, were in the 1938 World Series. I had already spent a couple of days hanging around the lobby of the Congress Hotel in Chicago when a message came to me to go up to MacPhail's suite. I walked in and found him there with one of his relatives. Larry turned to him and out of a clear blue sky he said, "I want you to shake hands with the new manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers."

I like to faint dead away right there. There is no question in my mind that Larry was a genius. And very little question that he was also a little crazy. There is that thin line between genius and insan-

ity, and in Larry's case it was sometimes so thin that you could see him drifting back and forth. They always said this about MacPhail: cold sober he was brilliant, one drink and he was even more brilliant, two drinks and he began to fall apart. He had been fired from the job in Cincinnati after he had gotten into a number of scrapes, including a fight with two city detectives in a hotel elevator.

During my four years as his manager there was not one dull moment.

That first year, 1939, MacPhail dreamed up a pre-spring conditioning program for our pitchers because he wanted us to do well in the exhibition season. We had a three-game series with the Yankees when we returned to New York, and he had been telling me all winter that if we looked real good down South we'd be able to draw enough people in the two games at Ebbets Field to get us off the nut.

And we did get off winning. Early in the exhibition season we were playing the Cardinals at St. Petersburg, and I'm here to tell you that it was hot. I put my face into that blast furnace and decided that if I couldn't find a way to sit the game out I didn't really have the resourcefulness to make a good manager.

We had picked up a kid named Pete Reiser for \$100, one of a gang of players freed when Judge Landis curtailed the size of Rickey's St. Louis farm system. The kid had looked very good in batting practice at Clearwater, and although he was listed as an outfielder, it seemed to me that I had been told he also had played some shortstop. It also seemed to me like an excellent time to find out what the kid could do. "Ever play shortstop, kid?" I asked.

"No," he said. I'm thinking, what's the matter with this kid? You're the manager and you ask a raw rookie if he ever played anywhere, he's supposed to say yes.

"Well," I told him, "you're the shortstop today."

The Cubs never got Reiser out. For three straight games nobody got him out. He got on base 11 straight times, with seven hits. Four of the hits were home runs, two with Pete batting right-handed and two left-handed.

I just kept staring at him, wondering if it was all a dream. "Holy cuts," I'm thinking, "what have I stumbled on here? This is a diamond, Leo. All you have to do is polish him. Sit down and let the boy

CONTINUED

play." And I'm thinking, "MacPhail must be flipping. They'll break the gates down at Ebbe's Field just to see what this kid looks like."

So I get a wire from MacPhail: DO NOT PLAY REISER AGAIN.

Now despite the general picture of me as a rebel, I am an organization man. The front office gives the manager the players, and the manager does the best he can with them. But it's my job to decide who I'm going to put on the field. If the front office wants to give me a reason why I shouldn't play somebody, I'll listen. Send for me and I'll come. I'll respect your position, but you've got to respect my position, too.

You want to manage the club, Larry, you put on the uniform and I'll go upstairs and sit at your desk.

I played Reiser, and I played him in center field where he belonged.

The next day we were playing Detroit in Macon, Ga. I was just drawing on the pants of my uniform when John McDonald of Larry's staff came in to tell me MacPhail had flown in and wanted to see me right away.

I said, "Should I finish dressing?"

He said, "I wouldn't if I were you. Put your street clothes on."

As soon as I stuck my head through the door of his suite, MacPhail began to curse me. He called me every filthy name I had ever heard. It was awful. I am fired, I am through, and I am a dirty —

I said, "That's all right, Larry. You don't want me to manage your ball club, that's fine. You're the president, you're the general manager, you're the boss. I'm not mad, so don't you get mad."

He kept right on cursing me. Worse than ever.

I said, "Look, Larry, let's not be a couple of kids about this. You don't want me to manage the club, this is fine. But . . . stop . . . calling . . . me . . . those . . . names."

MacPhail went right on cursing me. In fact the more he cursed me the madder he seemed to get. Between curses he was pacing up and down dictating my resignation to McDonald. Now there were twin beds in the suite. McDonald was sitting on one of the beds and the typewriter was on the other. Big tears were rolling down his face as he typed, because John was a great booster of mine and he wanted very badly for me to make good. MacPhail couldn't get through two sentences before John would deliberately make a

mistake, pull the paper out of the machine and drop it on the floor. MacPhail, his rage increasing, would turn to me with new puns and invective and then back to McDonald to start all over again.

McDonald must have been pulling his sixth sheet out of the machine when MacPhail started to turn toward me again, then wheeled back to McDonald and screamed: "And you're fired too because you can't type!"

It would have been the funniest thing I ever saw, except that MacPhail was out of his head. Having taken all I could, I jumped out of the chair and warned Larry not to call me a dirty — again. Well, that was like warning a hurricane to go back where it had come from. Fortunately, I still had just enough control left so that I was able to check myself at the last second and only give him a kind of shove. A hard enough shove, though, so that Larry went toppling over backward and landed flat on his back on the bed.

In two seconds he was back on his feet with his arms around me. He's got tears in his eyes, and then I had tears in my eyes and then the three of us were walking out of the suite, arm in arm, like three blubbering Musketeers. I was no longer fired, I was no longer through, I was no longer even a dirty —

The next day in Atlanta, Larry dropped into my room just as I was getting ready to leave for the park. "I'm glad we had that little talk yesterday," he said. "I think we understand each other much better. Everything's going to be fine."

I never did find out why he didn't want me to play Reiser.

He fired me 60 times if he fired me once, and I was still there when he left. He even fired me the night we won Brooklyn's first pennant in 21 years. That one I had coming to me. Not for the reason he fired me but because I had allowed him to dictate a ridiculous pitching selection in a critical spot after I had refused to allow him to step into my domain for almost three full years.

It began early in my first season when he came raging into the clubhouse after Van Lingle Mungo had been beaten by the Reds. MacPhail ran up to Mungo's locker, threw his Panama hat on the floor and jumped up and down on it. Called Mungo everything. As quickly as I could I ran everybody into the latrine and showers except Mungo. When only the three of us were left, I said to MacPhail, "Now you! Get out! Get the hell out of

here, and don't you ever come in here again!"

He couldn't believe it. "You're running me out of here? You dare?"

"You don't belong here. You want to talk to one of my players, you send for him up in your office. This is our clubhouse, our home. Don't you come in here and start ranting and raving. If there's any ranting and raving to be done in this room, I'll do it."

Well, he spluttered, he didn't have to send for me to fire me. "I can fire you right here. You're fired!"

Larry went stomping out, the players came filing back and we all looked down at his battered Panama and went into hysterics.

That wasn't the last time he came into the clubhouse. And certainly not the last time he tried to become the manager. I had taken a team that had finished in seventh place, and on the last day of the season we clinched third place, the highest for Brooklyn in the memory of man.

After that we had great hopes going into 1940. Dolph Camilli wanted \$15,000, which he richly deserved. He had played every game for me, knocked in 104 runs and was far and away the best fielding first baseman in baseball. But he also wanted \$500 to cover the expense of bringing his wife and four children to Florida from San Francisco, a bit of information he imparted to MacPhail after he reported for spring training. MacPhail roared that he wasn't running any kindergarten here, and he wasn't responsible for Camilli's "eight kids."

Camilli was a quiet, gentle man but he was as strong as an ox. His brother, who fought under the name of Frankie Campbell, had been a leading heavy-eight contender before he was killed in the ring by Max Baer. Nobody knew how well Dolph could fight because, quite frankly, nobody ever had wanted to find out. Nobody, anyway, before Larry MacPhail. Every time he said "eight kids," Camilli corrected him, and every time he had to correct him you could see him get a little madder.

The next thing I knew I heard the usual MacPhail screaming followed by gurgling, choking sounds. I went running and the first thing I noticed, being exceptionally observant, was that Camilli had both of his hands under MacPhail's chin and MacPhail's feet were a foot off the ground. Between purges, MacPhail was still screaming that he wasn't going to be

continued

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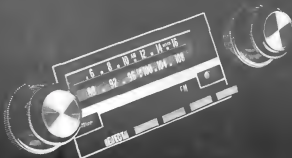
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held responsible for Camilli's indifference to the most elementary tenets of family planning.

Holy cats, I didn't know what to do. I was afraid that if I went after Camilli, Dolph would handle MacPhail with one hand and hoist me up with the other. I was also afraid that if I talked him into letting MacPhail down, Larry would start swinging. In addition to which, just between you and me, I didn't find the scene all that displeasing.

The outcome was that MacPhail refused to pay for the transportation of Camilli's "eight kids." Camilli refused to get into uniform and I spent the greater part of spring training trying to convince MacPhail that we weren't going to win any pennant with a guy named Bert Haas at first. Finally, MacPhail instructed me that I could tell Camilli he'd get his 500 bucks, but that if he ever found out the money was coming from him I was fired. "This is one argument I'm going to win," he said, pronouncing his final verdict.

Never mind that he had almost got himself a free tonsillectomy and was paying the 500 anyway. If he said he had won, he had won. That left me to convince Camilli that I was personally guaranteeing he'd get the money before the year was over—"Trust me, Dolph"—and by this time Camilli was so mad that he wanted MacPhail to come crawling to him on his hands and knees with the money in his mouth.

To get back to my insistence upon naming my own lineup, the player we argued about mostly was me. Or to put it another way, Pee Wee Reese. Larry always signed me to two contracts, one as a manager and the other as a player. The first one, if I remember right, totaled \$17,500, so it was probably \$12,500 and \$5,000. It was the opportunity I had been looking for. I would have paid for the chance. Once MacPhail was convinced I could do the job, he pushed me up very quickly.

Reese had been playing for Louisville. The Red Sox, who had a working agreement with Louisville, had first rights on him, and the story is that Joe Cronin, their playing-manager shortstop, went down to look at him and came back to tell Tom Yawkey, the Boston owner, that Reese was a pasty-faced kid who wouldn't make it.

So Reese suddenly was available, and MacPhail sent Ted McGrew, his chief scout, down to look him over. McGrew

came back talking in such superlatives that Larry got the bank to buy the Louisville franchise just to get him. Pee Wee was 21 years old when I first saw him in spring training, and he looked 12. I took one look at him and I said to myself, Leo, you can rest your aching tootsies.

MacPhail wouldn't hear of it. Having bought a whole ball club to get a young shortstop, he kept firing me for not playing shortstop myself. He knew I was the premier fielding shortstop in the business, see, because everybody had told him I was. "That was six years ago, Lar-

From the forthcoming book "Nine Guys Finish Last," by Leo Durocher with Ed Litt, to be published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

ry," I'd tell him. "I'm 34 years old."

"You can play another two or three years," he would say.

Sure I could. I could also see balls going by me by a yard that I used to get like nothing. "We're talking about something I know a little about, Larry. Reese would be in front of those balls, waiting. What we get here is a diamond that you found in Africa. What we got to do is polish the diamond up, and he is going to be as good a shortstop as they ever heard of in the major leagues."

"I'm paying you \$5,000 to play shortstop."

"Reese is going to be the shortstop!"

"If you're not out at shortstop tomorrow, you're fired!"

It went on like that for three years, and the only time I played shortstop was when Reese was hurt, which kept me very busy in his first year and practically retired me thereafter.

If it sounds as if I'm ridiculing MacPhail, that isn't my intention. I have only been trying to give you one facet of the man's personality. Another man might have said, "Well, why don't you split the job with the kid for a while, Leo? Take a little of the pressure off him. Break him in easy." With MacPhail, though, everything came at you like a royal command, and it is part of my personality that I would automatically guard myself to resist.

The thing about Larry MacPhail, as should be evident by now, was that he did everything to excess. With Reese playing shortstop, we got off so well that we were leading the league at the end of the month. Then Pee Wee got beamed so badly that he was in the hospital for a full

week and was out of the lineup for three weeks. During that period Larry went shopping for the hard-hitting outfielder we desperately needed, and Branch Rickey sold him Joe Medwick for a barrel of money. Well, when Rickey is willing to let a contending team have that kind of a player, you have a right to suspect that 1) he has spotted a certain decline setting in; and 2) he really didn't think we had the pitching to remain in contention. But Ebbets Field was made for Medwick, and if he was only 80% of what he used to be I felt we had a real shot at the pennant.

Joe had been with us exactly six days when the Cardinals came to town. Joe and I had been great pals in St. Louis, and he had taken a suite at the New Yorker Hotel where I was staying. As we were leaving for the ball park, we found ourselves in the same elevator with Bob Bowman, who was going to be pitching against us. Given that opportunity, I made one of my lovable remarks about his chances for survival, which gave him a perfect opening to tell me that he was sure of at least one automatic out in the lineup—me.

"You won't last long enough to get to Leo," Medwick snarled. "You'll be out of there before you get down that far."

The usual baseball byplay, sure. But also a little more than that. Bowman, like so many other St. Louis pitchers, had had a run-in with Medwick after accusing him of leading after a fly ball, and there was bad blood between them. (The first time my old pal, Joe, got lachrymastic in Brooklyn I slapped a \$200 fine on him, and it was one of the very few fines I never returned. Just to impress him, you know, that I have no friends once the bell rings.)

"I'll take care of both of you guys," Bowman said. "Wait and see."

Both of them baited 1,000 in the prediction department. Our first three batters got line hits, and up to the plate came Joe Medwick. Bowman's first pitch hit him right on the temple and he dropped as if he'd been axed. Out cold. I went for Bowman, the benches emptied and there were fights all over the field. All right, that was to be expected. But then MacPhail came running down from his box, and while Medwick was being carried off on a stretcher MacPhail was standing at the end of the St. Louis dugout challenging the whole ball club. Screaming at them. Out of con-

continued



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Barnack Ann O'Connell

trol. It was a miracle there wasn't a riot.

All right, to lose MacPhail like that on top of Reese is enough to get your dander up. Especially when you've just paid \$125,000 for him. With most people, they'll get mad and get over it. Not MacPhail. He demanded that Bowman be barred from baseball for life. He came up with affidavits from everybody who had been in the elevator about the "threats" Bowman had made. Before long he had the district attorney, Bill O'Dwyer, conducting a criminal investigation. Just then O'Dwyer was breaking up Murder, Incorporated. MacPhail demanded that he now go after "Beamball, Incorporated," which he described as a conspiracy among National League pitchers to kill off the Dodgers' pennant chances by eliminating our leading players. Burton Turkus, the man who had been in charge of the Murder, Inc. investigation, was assigned to the case and he actually had us all in a couple of days later for a hearing.

Everything to excess, and yet underneath it all the genius of the man was never lost. All year long he hammered away at "Beamball, Incorporated," and before another year had started he had ordered protective inserts made up for our caps. "Guaranteed to withstand baseballs propelled at a hundred miles an hour," he announced happily. "Now let them throw at us all they want. They can't hurt us."

The head protection was a development that was long overdue. All that ranting and raving had come to an end in a stroke of sheer logic.

Over the winter of 1940, we had agreed that our greatest needs were a strong young pitcher to go with our aging pitching staff and a right-handed catcher to go with Babe Phelps. The pitcher MacPhail went after was Kirby Higbe, a strong-armed right-hander who had been able to win a respectable number of games at Philadelphia, and the catcher was Mickey Owen, then with St. Louis. MacPhail got both.

Late in the training season I was able to tell Larry we had a heck of a ball club. "This is a good ball club," I told him. "We could win the whole thing with one other player."

And who was that, he wanted to know. "Billy Herman," I said.

Billy Herman of the Cubs had been the premier second baseman in the National League for nine years. He had become universally accepted as the classic No. 2

hitter, an absolute master at hitting behind the runner.

About two weeks into the season I was awakened by a call at 4 in the morning. "Are you awake?" came the booming voice of Larry MacPhail.

"No, I'm bowling, Larry. I'm cruising down the Potomac on the presidential yacht. What the hell's the matter with you?"

"Say hello," he said, "to your new second baseman."

"Hello, buddy," came the weary voice of Billy Herman. "I'll see you at the ball park if this boss of yours will let me go back to sleep." The deal for Billy Herman won the pennant for us.

MacPhail made one other important acquisition before the end of the season when he picked up Johnny Allen, a supposedly overaged, used-up pitcher, on waivers. But let me tell you about another of our overaged, used-up pitchers, Fat Freddie Fitzsimmons.

Freddie Fitzsimmons was 38 years old when I took over the ball club. He had already spent a full meritorious career with the Giants. In 12 years over there he had won 170 games, and when he was picked up by Brooklyn the season before I got there, everybody knew he was at the end of the line. Fitz was a knuckleball pitcher and his arm was so crooked that he literally could not reach down and pick anything up. He had to bend from the knees. It was so crooked that it threw his balance off and gave him a kind of rolling, swagging gait. To put as little strain on his arm as possible, he only pitched once a week, and even then his arm would draw up, inning by inning, until you could see his hand disappear up his sleeve. Until, finally, the arm would stiffen up so much that you had to get him out of there.

And that was a problem, too. Off the field, Freddie was as nice a man as you would ever want to meet. Once he got out on the mound, you just couldn't talk to him. He'd snap his head at you and stomp around and snarl out his words like a lion chewing meat.

Still, Freddie knew how to pitch and he was such a ferocious competitor that I had figured on keeping him around as a spot pitcher and coach until somebody better came along. Somebody better, huh? In 1940, at the age of 39, all Freddie did was set a record for National League pitchers. Sixteen wins against two losses for an .889 winning percentage.

Near the end of the 1941 season we

went on a long road trip. We came into St. Louis one game ahead of the Cards, and they had their best pitcher, Ernie White, ready for us. It turned out to be one of those ball games. But then the whole Western trip became a succession of beanball battles and fights with umpires. Fitz was in trouble in the very first inning when Umpire Les Ballanfant got in the way of the throw to first base on a double-play ball and got hit in the back, the only time I have ever seen that happen in my 50 years in baseball. A few innings later, the Cards scored two runs when Poe Wee dropped the throw from Fitz on an even easier double play.

In the eighth inning, Al Burlick, the umpire behind the plate, almost beat us singlehanded. First, he took a base on balls away from Reese on a terrible call, which cost us the go-ahead run when Pete Reiser, the next batter, tripled. We were all up in the dugout screaming at Burlick. Reiser, who was the best I ever saw at stealing home, was jumping up and down the baseline. White became so rattled that he committed a flagrant balk as it is possible to commit, and Burlick was so rattled he didn't call it. You never heard such screaming.

The game was a screamer all the way, and Fitz won it in 11 innings.

We took the pennant by winning two straight in Boston. In one way, the timing was perfect. We were heading back to New York that same night to play our final two games at Ebbets Field.

How all the champagne and whiskey got on the train I'll never know. I do know that Cookie Lavagetto got a knife and was cutting a lot of neckties off. Not only other players', anybody who appeared on the horizon. Except for me. "My lucky tie, boys," I'd say. "You wouldn't dare to touch this tie." The same thing happened when everybody began to rip everybody else's shirt off. All I had to do was hold my hand up. "Tear my shirt, boys, and you're liable to damage the tie."

When we got to New Haven, I managed to sit everybody down. "That will be all, boys," I told them. "No more drinking." I had been getting reports from the conductor that a huge crowd would be waiting for us at Grand Central. There were already so many of our fans there, I was told, that they had completely taken over the terminal.

I took the players into the dining car for the most beautiful steak dinner you

continued



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DUROCHER *continued*

have ever seen. Now all the time we were eating I was on the ear because I wanted to make sure nobody had any bright ideas about slipping away to finish off that champagne. And I kept hearing these murmurs all around me, "When the train stops at 125th Street we'll get off and take a cab and duck the crowd instead of going on to Grand Central."

"Hey, what's going on here?" I'm saying to myself. "What's all this about 125th Street?"

I got hold of the conductor and he told me that it was true. We were going to be making a preliminary stop at 125th Street. "Oh no we're not," I said. "You tell them to go right on through to Grand Central."

The conductor didn't tell me that John McDonald had gotten a wire from Larry MacPhail ordering him to stop the train at 125th Street. McDonald didn't say a word about any wire to me, either. MacPhail was waiting to board the train, but I didn't know that. When we hit 125th Street we were going at a good clip, and Mr. MacPhail was left standing there with his coat just waving in the breeze as we sped by.

It took us a good two hours to get away from Grand Central, and somewhere underneath all this excitement I was thinking, "Where's MacPhail? All these cameras and no MacPhail? That's not the Larry MacPhail I know."

There was another crowd waiting in the lobby of the New Yorker, and as Medwick and I were trying to get through, the word was passed to me that the newsreel cameras were waiting upstairs in one of the club's suites. It seemed that they wanted to take some pictures of me before I shaved. When we got to the elevator, who did we find standing there but Larry MacPhail. Redder than a beet and breathing heavily. He didn't say hello, goodbye or congratulations. Just a red, red face and breathing hard and not looking at anybody or anything.

Didn't say a word to me in the suite, either. Not until the cameras were being taken away. "I want to see you," he said, and then pointing to McDonald, "and you. Come with me, both of you."

The three of us went into the bedroom and he closed the door and we were sitting in a tight little threesome. "Why didn't you have the train stopped at 125th Street as I ordered in my wire?" he asked McDonald.

That was the first I heard about the

wire. Before John could answer I told Larry exactly what happened, and all the time I was talking he just sat there and glared at me. "You're not satisfied being the manager of this club," he said. "You want to be president."

"No such thing. I figured the fans hadn't had a pennant winner in 21 years and they were entitled to see the players."

"You're fired!"

I said, "Here we go again, I'm fired. So I'm fired." One word led to another, as it always seemed to do with Larry.

It became a cursing contest. It ended not unlike the first time the three of us had got together, with him calling me everything under the sun and me giving him a good hard kick. Only this time I went barging out of the room.

Along about 3 in the morning I was awakened from the first sound sleep I'd had in three weeks by a pounding on the door. John McDonald was standing there to tell me that the boss wanted to see me.

"Tell the boss to go to hell," I said. I slammed the door in his face and for the rest of the night I was in one of those drifting states of sleep where I would doze off for about 10 minutes, wake up and remember how mad I was and hit the pillow.

At 7:30 the phone rang. MacPhail. He wanted to know whether it was my intention to stop at his office on my way to the park.

"No, I had not intended to." Very formal.

"I wish you would."

"I would be glad to."

I walked into his office about two hours later and found him sitting at his desk signing checks. He was wearing a beautiful blue suit, the inevitable fresh carnation was in his lapel and he looked as if he had just had 150 hours of sleep. He asked me very politely to sit down, finished signing the checks and then turned to me with a little smile on his face. "Got a little drunk out last night, didn't it?"

"Little bit," I said.

"Let's figure out how to beat those goddam Yankees!" he roared.

NEXT WEEK

Joining the Giants, the Dodgers' arch-enemies, Durocher is spellbound by Bobby Thomson's home run, delighted by Willie Mays and charmed by Dusty Rhodes.

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THEY ALSO SERVE...



... who only stand and wait while their husbands struggle to make pars and birdies. It can be a frustrating experience, walking outside the ropes that line the fairways, unable to contribute more than a cheer as a long putt drops or a groan when a short one does not. No tournament attracts as many wives as the Masters, which because of its importance, its traditions and its beauty is almost a command performance. On the following pages is a gallery of golfers' wives, some of whom have been going to Augusta longer than they might care to admit, others for whom the adventure is still new and, unhappily, a few who will not enjoy the festivities this week because their husbands did poorly and failed to qualify.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



Winnie Palmer, 20 Masters

Barbara Nicklaus, 18 Masters





Rachel Wadkins, 5 Masters

Iwalani Rodrigues, 6 Masters



Jeanne Whitkopf, 7 Masters

Sally Jean Irwin, 3 Masters



Noel Blancas, 4 Masters



Sherri Soltes, 4 Masters



Nancy Nichols, 13 Masters

Cathy Stockton, 6 Masters





WE WOULDN'T MISS IT

by SARAH PILEGGI

Some of them dream of it, some of them dread it, but a golfer's wife would not miss the Masters for anything short of childbirth. The trip to Augusta is the social Everest of the tour, a week when the ubiquitous Ramada Inn by a noisy Interstate (24 hr. COFFEE SHOP—ENTERTAINMENT NITELY—WELCOME ROOFING CONTRACTORS) seems far away.

It is early April and the Augusta National clubhouse and grounds have been painted and polished and raked and trimmed in anticipation of the arrival of some 80 golfers and almost as many of their wives. The ancient wisteria that winds through the branches of the oaks outside the clubhouse is most likely in lavender bloom, and dogwood, redbud and azalea are flowering in front yards all over town.

The wives of the golfers always seem to look their best at the Masters, and they are a youthful, healthy, attractive group to begin with. Their backgrounds may be varied but there is an assurance about all of them that comes from dealing regularly with new people and situations. They are team players by choice, and some of them are so accomplished at administering their husbands' complicated lives that one suspects they could stage a coronation, if necessary.

The style of their dress is conservative compared with other women in the galleries, and their public demeanor is decorous, especially during Masters week. There is an air about the club that seems to demand it, an aura of permanence and unyielding respectability that humbles even the most independent of the wives.

"From the first time you drive in the front gate you know it's different," says Carole Brewer, who has accompanied Gay, the 1967 winner, to the Masters 12 times. "The Open has the style of Oakmont or the style of Winged Foot, but the Masters is always the same."

"I always associated it with signing the

final tax return," says another wife who has since separated herself from the golfing life. "You rooted for your husband to get into the Masters, sometimes for years, and it was the only tournament you watched on TV even when you didn't play in it."

The Masters is festive, but in a low-keyed, small-town sort of way that has more to do with sunshine and warm spring air than with cocktail parties such as are held at the Tournament of Champions or even the planned activities for wives so often offered at an Open. There are three official dinners—for foreign players, former champions and amateurs—but they are men-only affairs. The club does host a small dinner for wives of amateur players, but there is nothing for the wives of the pros.

For the players the week means work, more work than in most tournaments because, for one thing, how well a player does can determine whether he will return the following year. For another, Masters week is like a convention for the people who pay the golfers to endorse their goods and services. "It's one week when Lanny really wants to concentrate," says Rachel Watkins, "yet with all the contract people and the Wake Forest kids and everybody, it's one of the most distracting of all."

Scattered around town in rented houses, the players and their families entertain each other and old friends at informal dinners and backyard barbecues. The heavy partying is left to the businessmen, the manufacturers who don't have early tee-off times. And once the tournament has begun, the players tend to disappear altogether into a routine of early sleep and early rising.

"We prefer to stay alone," says Jeanne Weiskopf. "It is an emotionally exhausting time and I think Tom needs extra pampering just to get through it. Even the kids recognize the tension."

Last year Vivienne Player flew from Johannesburg with five of her six children to join Gary in Augusta and watch

him win for the second time. Vivienne walked every hole of Gary's four rounds, usually accompanied by one or two of her children. "I rarely speak to him during the play," she says, "and I keep well out of his way, but I know that when he catches sight of me in the gallery then he's glad I'm around."

One of the things that a golfer's wife knows how to do better than other people is walk a course. She wears golf shoes because they are practical for slippery, hilly or muddy courses. She often carries a shooting stick because a round takes four to five hours and there are no park benches. She generally positions herself ahead of or behind the largest part of the gallery. If her husband is on the tee she is usually far down the fairway, approximately where the drive will land. She never seems to hurry, yet she rarely misses a shot. Sometimes she moves against the flow of the crowd, which means she knows of an advantageous spot across the fairway, under a tree, on elevated ground, where she can watch two holes at once, check out a scoreboard and save herself several hundred yards.

Winnie Palmer is the most elusive of the walkers. Because her face is perhaps best known of the golfers' wives she has learned to blend into the crowd, to remain constantly and unobtrusively on the move. Barbara Nicklaus surrounds herself with old friends from Columbus who, without seeming to, effectively keep strangers at bay. Other wives may walk in pairs, but this can be awkward if one of their husbands falters.

Much has changed since the days when Valerie Hogan sat on the veranda doing needlepoint and watching Ben's progress on the scoreboard, and when Byron sent Louise Nelson back to the clubhouse after spotting her in his gallery. But the change is only superficial. Underneath, the feeling is the same.

"We know just what hard work it is," says Vivienne Player. "And sometimes watching is a torment. But we wouldn't miss it for the world."

END

Vivienne Player
9 Masters

We were circled up on the mat listening to Coach go over the scouting report for our match with South Central High. It felt so great to relax in the wrestling room because relaxation was so far from exhaustion, which was the order of things there. We lolled on each other like a den of rattlers in the warm sun. SC was tough in the lower weights in those days, and Damon Thuringer, "Sausage Man," our sophomore at 103 pounds, had an especially tough match.

Sausage was wrestling a kid named Kenuchi Mashamuri. Mash was a senior who had taken the state championship at both 119 and 112. Early in the season a *Spokane Daily Chronicle* story quoted Mash as saying he was beginning to think seriously about college wrestling, so he thought he'd train real hard that season and drop down a weight where he could be more competitive. He was sincere. Mash was a very humble guy. He was also a monster, an arch teratoid. He

looked about 30 years old, with his giant little body and his furry eyebrows and his cauliflower ears. Of course, Mash was undefeated.

Sausage was this baby-faced, downy-haired, flute-playing Hobbit. His record up to then was about 4-4. He was well-conditioned and fierce to a fault, but we all hoped that Sausage had made his peace with the cosmos. Coach made him captain for the week, and that helped Sausage's spirits. Coach always named the guy with the week's toughest match as the captain. He would announce it over the intercom on Monday so the whole school would know. The captain would then get lots of encouragement all week from kids in classes and in the halls. And when he'd lead us out on the mat to do our exercises before a match, people would ooh and ah and yell heartening sentiments because they'd know he was captain and that he was headed for hard times in a few minutes.

So we were circled up on the mat listening to Coach go over the scouting report, and Otto, our heavyweight, and I decided in a summit meeting of eyeballs and lettermen's teers to harass the Sausage Man, to tone down his hubris a little.

While Coach explained that Kuchera's man liked to work a fireman's carry right to a fast pin, Otto and I sneaked around the circle toward Sausage, who peered out from beneath his pile of wool blankets. Sausage had some trouble making weight. He was down from 125 as a cross-country man. He would spend his slack time doing push-ups and sit-ups in his rubber sweat suit under his bunch of blankets. You'd come off the mat after a drill, and off in a corner would be a boy-sized green heap with gold trim pumping furiously up and down.

Otto sneaked one way and I sneaked the other. Coach was talking about Romaine Lewis, SC's man at 154. He looked

FOND LINKS TO SAUSAGE MAN

The author recalls boyhood wrestling, its feel, its smell and, most of all, a frozen bridge and some other cold cuts involving a kid named Thuringer

by **TERRY DAVIS**



"around for me, so I stopped my stealthy crawl and popped up behind Kenny Schmoozer, our man at 133.

"Lewis will take you down, you let yourself get weak!" Coach warned me with a yell. I was down from 177 and having a bad time holding my weight.

"I feel great, Coach," I said. "That Romaine Lettuce won't take me down. I'll dice him and slice him. I'll counsel him on the dangers of snorting hair straightener. His internal environment is polluted. Lettuce won't take me down!"

Coach covered his eyes. He always knew when the team was feeling right.

"Did you eat?" he growled.

"I ate, I ate. Two carob bars and a can of Nutrament," I replied. "Lean and mean, Coach! Lean and mean!"

Otto snorted like a wild pig. Otto was a trim 243 then. "Lean and mean! Lean and mean!" he snorted. He worked his way around to Sausage and kicked him through his blankets.

"Lean and mean! Lean and mean!" the Sausage Man piped.

Then the whole team was rooting around the mats on all fours, bumping into each other, grunting like frenzied swine, chanting "Lean and mean! Lean and mean!"

Coach let us go for about a minute, then went on with the scouting report. We stopped. We had to conserve for the tough practice ahead.

Otto and I sat with our arms resting on Sausage. He peeked his head out at Otto, then turned to leer at me. "Don't mess with me," the Sausage Man warned.

"Damon," I replied, agitated at his aggressive tone. "Damon, my boy, Otto and I have only come to congratulate you on your captaincy."

"Shut up, Davis," the Sausage said. "Just shut up."

Otto waxed indignant. He tweaked Sausage's nose and pushed his head back under the blankets.

"You guys better not hurt my lip, I haven't got my mouthpiece," Sausage informed us. A serious flute player, Sausage really had to take care of his lip.

"Your mouthpiece is in a safe place, Damon," I assured him.

The Sausage Man groaned from beneath his blankets. He knew where that safe place was. Every chance I got I stuffed his mouthpiece down my sweat pants. He was usually more careful with it. He must have been preoccupied with his captaincy. He had left it on the windowsill.

Then Coach began to demonstrate to Jean-Pierre Bouldosier how his man liked to stack people up with a double chicken wing. We called him "Buildozer," half out of respect for the way he munched people and about half out of ethnocentrism.

Buildozer was pretzeled, and Coach was asking if he understood the move. Buildozer couldn't breathe, let alone

continued





speak, and he tried to communicate that idea with gasps and grunts. But Coach thought he was requesting further demonstration, so he reeled some more on the double chicken wing. Bulldozer was pinned. His scapulae rested on the mat. His nose was buried in his hairy chest. Coach cinched up a little more on the chicken wing and inquired again concerning Jean-Pierre's comprehension. Seizing upon Coach's inattention, Otto flopped down on Sausage, who was mashed from lump to patty. He squealed unintelligibly. Otto watched attentively as Bulldozer's head turned purple and blue, while I reached under the blankets and pulled off Sausage's shoes and socks.

Coach finished with Bulldozer, who gasped and nodded that he understood the double chicken wing stack-up series.

Coach then waived comment on Otto's SC man in favor of a brief prognostication concerning the damage the Montana heavyweight likely would do to Otto when we traveled to Missoula for an invitational tournament the next week. Those cowpokes could truly be tough.

"Cowboys and miners," Otto giggled, trembling in mock fear.

Behind him I stuffed two sweat socks in Sausage's mouth, being careful not to damage his lip. Then, with his shoe laces, I began to tie his head between his knees. I finished just as Coach did, and we all jumped up to begin our exercises. All except the Sausage Man. Otto and I quickly hoisted him deep in his favorite corner and covered him up good.

We were in our warmup lines, and

Coach had opened his mouth to scream the first exercise when a light knocking sounded at the door. Coach screamed at the knocking, and the door opened revealing red curls. It was Carla, my girl friend and subsequently my wife.

Coach looked at me and pointed to the door. Carla and I had been going together for a couple of years then. She used to baby-sit Coach's kids. I trotted over to the door. Behind me Coach screamed things into action.

I heard the flops and grunts and straining as the team went to its back and bridged on its neck, navels ceilingward, hands pounding bellies. The chanting started, a steady "ah-hhhhhhhhh" in time with the pounding hands. A simple tribal song, the sound of clean lungs. I closed the door on the familiar din and saw that Carla was worried.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I heard you fainted in class," she said.

"Are you O.K.?"

"O.K.," I replied. "Just a little light-headed." I was really having a heck of a time holding that weight.

"You should have let me know you were all right," Carla said sternly.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't even think someone might tell you." It was a thoughtless thing. "I'm sorry—really!" I reiterated without groveling, going close to kiss her.

Carla's worry changed to mild pique. We kissed and parted. She sniffed. She moved close again and sniffed my sweat clothes. She wilted, swooned. I leaned her against the wall.

"That smell is not human," she gasped, rubbing her eyes and wrinkling her nose.

She pinched the cloth of my sweat shirt delicately. The salt crystals crinkled lightly beneath her fingers. "Ouhhh!" she grimaced. "Don't you ever wash this stuff!" It was Carla's first visit to the wrestling room. She must have been skipping her gas-engines class.

"Of course not," I replied indignantly. "It's very bad form, not to mention the practical aspect that clean practice sweats invoke the demons of loss. You wash practice sweats before the season starts, and that's it," I said. "Besides, the smell deadens your mucous membranes, reducing the occurrence of bloody nose. Much more healthful than cocaine."

My good spirits persisted in spite of my light-headedness. But Carla was having none of my jive.

"Does everyone feel that way about his laundry?" she asked.

"Not everyone," I said. "Mostly just Otto and Kuch and Schmoos and me—we're the seasoned veterans."

"You should be seasoned. You should be pickled from wearing this stuff."

The team was past push-ups and into sprints. "Stick your head in and take a whiff," I encouraged Carla.

She did. "Glaaaah!" she retched, slamming the door. "It's like ammonia. You can feel it in the air. Yeoooo!" She shammiied and hopped, wiping her nose on her pinafore. "It's on me!" she shrieked.

I laughed.

"I'll pick you up after practice," Carla said, starting down the stairs. She drove me to work as often as she could.

I leaned down and poached my lips out for a kiss.

"Glaaaah!" she shuddered, and fled.

Behind me I heard the team running in place, the tiny rapid steps, the chant going strong.

I slipped through the door and found myself some moving room. Soon I was lost in the music of it all.

When Sausage got excited he would talk fast and spit a lot. He was like a ruptured water main when he played his flute. When you watched him, you either had to stand way back or wear rain gear. I doubt that the problem was pathological. Sausage is now a perfectly normal pharmacist and part-time flutist with the Spokane Symphony.

When Coach untied him, Sausage was pretty excited. He leaped up and down and spat all over. Nobody could get near him, not even Coach.

Sausage had missed the entire practice. Nobody discovered him, and nobody noticed he wasn't around. Some of the guys who had seen Mash wrestle probably figured that Sausage had left town. If Coach hadn't accidentally sat on him when we started our wrestle-offs, Sausage might never have been found.

Sausage fumed. He pulled his headgear on sideways and got his nose stuck in the ear hole. He ripped it off and flung it at Otto.

I pulled his mouthpiece out of my sweat pants and tossed it to him gently. "Damn you, Davis," he slavered. "You musclebound pig."

We all laughed. Coach, too.

Sausage spat lint. He popped the wetted mouthpiece in his mouth. "I've

continued

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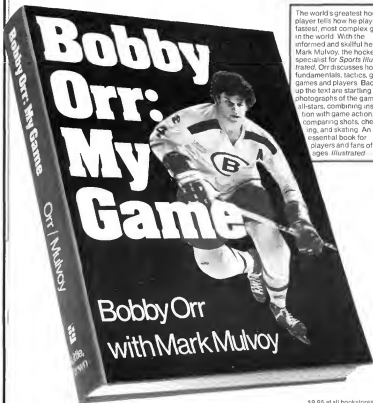
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got a tough match this week," he smacked and slurped.

"Try to keep things in perspective, Sausage," I advised. I let him take me down and beat on me a while. Coach began the wrestle-offs starting with the heavyweights, so Sausage would have time to pull himself together.

I figured five or six dozen forearm smashes and a heavy general pummeling of my body would assuage Sausage's wrath, but I was wrong in thinking his vengeance would be anywhere near commensurate with his size.

Later, in the shower, I took out my false teeth and set them in the soap dish. Up Sausage popped from behind the towel pile, grabbed my \$300 dentures and whipped naked out the door. I stood at the locker door and watched him dance off across the park, a pink Christmas cherub in black wrestling shoes, cackling and spitting little ice crystals that caught the light from the parking lot and shone like tiny falling stars. He knew if I chased him, I'd be late for work.

Whether to get to work on time or pursue that vindictive dwarf was a decision Carla later helped me make.

"Oh, he'll give them back," she said. "You deserve it anyway." And she gave me a friendly punch on my slackened mandible. "If you keep your mouth closed, nobody will know the difference."

I was washing dishes at the Spokane Hotel then, a job for which teeth really weren't necessary.

"O.K.," I gumbled and gave her a crippled kiss. She shuddered as we drove off crunching through the brittle snow.

I always like to tell people I lost my teeth when I got kicked in the mouth in the district tournament my junior year. I really did get kicked, and I really did lose some teeth. But they were false ones. Actually, I was umpiring a girls' softball game in ninth grade when I lost my teeth. A very large girl whose name I forget was halfway to first base when she remembered she wasn't supposed to take the bat. She slung it back right in my chops. It broke my nose and destroyed the ability of my gums to hold the teeth that hadn't fallen out on the ground. In a way I was a victim of sexism. Girls' physical education received little attention then, and a lot of girls were about half helpless at organized sports because they got to play so seldom. Things are different now. But sometimes I feel almost fortu-

nate. I never made even the small big time in athletics, but I did get a big-time injury which serves me well in the drunken hyperbole of reminiscence.

I couldn't manage to keep my mouth closed at work. Even then I loved the attention aroused by a good injury. Sally, the old cook and my surrogate Gram, called it "a damn shame." But she giggled when I gave her a couple of bony kisses on her sweaty cheek. And Elmo, the bellman, told me he knew a guy in Seattle who would sell me a new mouthful with my name embossed bicuspid-bicuspid in colorful baked enamel. I often wish I'd invested in a set of those, just to wear bowling nights and to parties and on Father's Day and things. Elmo had the Stars and Stripes on his, and they didn't look bad.

I was never more in touch with my body than I was that last wrestling season. I swear I could hear the valves of my heart open and slam shut. Oxygenated blood swooshed through my arteries. It sounded like the Seattle Monorail. Leukocytes and erythrocytes lined up at my capillaries politely. "Be my guest! No, no, after you!" I could hear them say.

In order to get down to 154 where I could have a chance to make the state tournament, I'd taken to bundling up good and running the six miles home from work. I ran down alleys until I got out of the downtown area. The ice shone in them like new black shoes. I fell down consistently. Crossing the Monroe Street bridge was a pain. I had to run on the sidewalk, and creeps of all sorts jeered and threw ice balls at me. Sometimes some kids would be cruising around, and they'd see me and wave. Thinking back, both kinds of attention are warm to me.

I felt better when I crossed the bridge. Then I could run down side streets. I crunched crisply along the snowy pavement. Peripherally, I watched the little chunks of snow fly from my boots. Everywhere the night was brightened by the clean snow. The cold air tasted good. I rotated my arms in wide circles and watched my flying shadow until I saw there were two. Running footsteps crunched behind me. I stopped and turned. Bundled and panting, cap hanging offlike, the Sausage Man stood in clouds of vapor. He handed me a plastic bag full of ice.

"Your teeth," Sausage said. "I'm sor-

ry they froze. I put them in water like my grandpa does, and they froze solid on the way to the hotel."

"Thanks, Sausage," I said. "Hope you didn't get cold or get in trouble or anything, running out of the locker room like that."

"No sweat," the Sausage Man said. "The Russian hockey team does it all the time."

When I got home I was happy to find some sugarless applesauce my mom had left out for me. I ate it in the shower, where I luxuriated in the hot water while my teeth thawed in the soap dish.

It turned out that Mash pinned Sausage in the first 10 seconds. I annihilated Romaine Lewis, but couldn't hold 154 for the district tournament. I had to go at 165, so I lost to the same guys who'd beaten me each year before. I never made it to the state tournament as a competitor.

That's a good memory of a good time in my life. My defeats seem small things now, and every laugh I had seems like some kind of a victory. I think of myself standing in the locker-room door watching Sausage run off with my teeth, and I know I see it not as it really was. I see it better, brighter. Sausage's frantic laughs ring across the twilight park like the reports of liberators' rifles, and the shower of his crazy spittle shines like the tail of a little comet.

END



Out of the backyard

Slam-bang play in the nationals belies the sport's gentle image

There are several preconceived notions about badminton, the most common being that it is merely an aristocratic pastime in which the participants agitate a cluster of goose feathers, a pleasure to indulge the idle rich. And lately, it has begun to consume the not-so-idle middle class. It is a game for warm Sunday afternoons in the backyards of America, played with sets from the supermarket, a family activity to while away the time as the barbecues char the hamburgers.

Badminton is all of that, to be sure. And that, say the people who play it seriously, is what has crassly tarnished the image of an exquisite, artistic sport.

"We have been trying to get rid of the backyard image," said Mike Adams last week after he became the new U.S. amateur champion. "It is one of the fastest games. In the backyard, people pop it up, pop it up—and they think that's badminton. It's not."

"If we can just get people out to watch it. Even when we've got reporters to cover the sport, the interviews come off being funny. They can't get over the fact that it's a tough, competitive sport."

Badminton, removed from the pop-up backyard brand, is a game of speed and delicate finesse, of pirouettes and ferocious overhead slams, of deft services and floating ceiling skimmers, of feints and trickery. The physical and emotionally sapping characteristics of the game were manifested by Adams and others in the cheese-belt community of Waukesha, Wis., a bird slam from Milwaukee, where America's finest badminton athletes collected in the field house of the Univer-

sity of Wisconsin-Waukesha for the 35th national tournament. The tournament was co-sponsored by The Travelers insurance company and the American Badminton Association. Perhaps 300 spectators, many of them eliminated contestants, sat to watch on wooden basketball bleachers. Admission was free. Badminton, unhappily as far as the serious players go, remains the last sporting outpost of antimaterialism.

The atmosphere in the antiseptic gymnasium was quite different from that day on the estate of the Duke of Beaufort in Gloucestershire, England 102 years ago. The Duke gave a party, presumably in his backyard, and the sport was introduced to Western culture. It had been brought to England by some unknown Colonel Blimp from India where, under the name of poona, it had been a pastime of maharajas. The ducal holdings in Gloucestershire happened to be named Badminton.

At Waukesha, a long way and a long time from the Duke's digs in England, Adams, a 24-year-old transportation planner from Ann Arbor, Mich. with a skin-and-bones physique, met Gary Higgins, a 23-year-old free-spirited citizen from Alhambra, Calif., in the tournament final. Adams trains diligently to excel at badminton. "I practice a suicide drill," he said. "I use four courts. I run across two, then go backward. Then three, then four. All at full speed."

"Train?" asks Higgins. "Not me. I don't take the game seriously."

In the semis the untested and 13th-ranked Higgins had upset the No. 1 seed, Chris Kinard, a fellow Californian, 15-10, 5-15, 15-10. Adams, the No. 4 seed, beat second-ranked Chuck Oakley, also from California, 18-14, 15-12 in his side of the draw.

Badminton is a sociable sport. Adams spent the evening before the championship contest dancing the Bump in the motel disco. The next morning he was admittedly nervous for the title. Higgins had seriously celebrated his victory over Kinard with bacchanalian zeal. He, too, was in the disco, and stayed on after Adams left. In the morning, there were those among the California group who blathered unhappily about Higgins' cavalier behavior.

When Higgins was introduced as a finalist, he leaped to the floor from the

fourth row of the grandstand and danced onto the court. Adams walked on, then mimicked Higgins' adagio.

In the early moments the match was close. Higgins occasionally winked to his California friends. Adams is a serious, emotional player and there were long interruptions while he checked the loft and speed of new shuttlecocks when they were brought into play. Finally he got down to the business at hand and, with the score 9-9, Adams took the next six points and the first game. He quickly did away with Higgins in the second game to win 15-9, 15-4.

"It's a shame," said one dismayed Californian. "Chris Kinard busts his butt and trains, and Gary didn't even care. This is no way to play for a national championship."

"If you're going to win, you have to be in condition," said Adams. "He kept smashing and he kept running. He didn't make me move."

The female half of badminton events continues to be contested under the title ladies, not women, as in tennis. And the lady queen at Waukesha was Judianne Kelly, a 26-year-old physical education teacher from Norwalk, Calif. Nearby is Long Beach, the hometown of Billie Jean, champion of libertarian causes, conqueror of Bobby Rags and butler for equal prize money.

"I just won a California championship, which means I qualified to play in the Canadian Open," said Judianne. "In Canada the winner can win \$1,600. It's not much money, but it's a big step for badminton."

A compact blonde with power strokes and a slanting game, Judianne dethroned Cindy Baker of Salt Lake City for her national singles championship. Her winning scores were 11-6, 11-8.

"I don't think I'm better than any man out there," Judianne said when asked if she responds to Women's Lib. "Mike Adams would beat me 15-5. I couldn't beat a men's A player. I practice against men all the time. They're quicker."

According to legend, badminton birds are made from feathers taken only from the right wings of geese. Left-wing goose feathers are unacceptable. And the best right-wing birds are manufactured in the People's Republic of China. A very complicated world of badminton the Duke of Beaufort made

END

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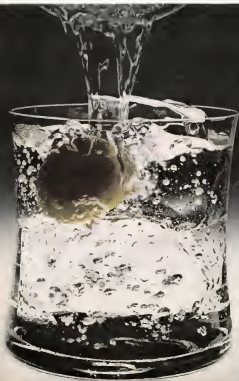
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Noilly Prat says it's good. And if they say it's good — it's fantastic.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



There is more hard-sell carnival than pure sport in U.S. professional ski racing. Dole serves salesmen perched in the trees along the racecourses, or looks for cash registers at every slalom gate. Still, contrived as it may be to serve the profit motives of the ski industry, the World Pro Skiing tour has become in its short life an exciting addition to the winter sports scene.

The pros even managed to provide a wild finish to their season last week, a climax only slightly less hairbreadth than the one that gave Italy's Gustavo Thoeni the amateur World Cup championship in a head-to-head race against Ingemar Stenmark of Sweden (SI, March 31).

For the pros, the central antagonists were Hank Kashiwa, 25, onetime Olympic racer from Old Forge, N.Y., and Henri Duvillard, 27, the strong son of a French farmer, who joined the pro tour this season after several years as one of the mainstays of the French national ski team. Despite his inexperience with the head-to-head slalom format and his immersion in a bizarre new routine that sent him crisscrossing the Continent week after week, Duvillard began the year by winning five of the first eight races and finishing second in another. Then Kashiwa, a three-year pro, gradually pulled ahead, mainly because of a growing accumulation of second-place finishes. Going into the next-to-last Lange Cup event in Sun Valley two weeks ago, Kashiwa led Duvillard in points, 313 to 271, a seemingly comfortable edge. Duvillard was ahead in prize money, \$40,200 to \$39,600, but even in the dollar-directed world of pro racing, rankings are based on points rather than cash.

With manufacturers' banners waving in the sun and marketing men outnumbering spectators by about eight to one, Duvillard blazed through the series of elimination runs and won the giant slalom, gaining 25 more points and \$4,000. Kashiwa was knocked out in the second elimination round, winning seven points and \$700. The next day, Duvillard also won the slalom, his second back-to-back pro victory. That gave the Frenchman the Lange Cup, another 25 points and another \$4,000. At the end of the Idaho meet, Kashiwa had 325 points and Duvillard 321, although Duvillard now had \$48,200 to Kashiwa's \$40,500.

As with the World Cup, the pros had their showdown in Italy, at Cervinia. And as European pro events go, the show

Through flags to riches



After a year of slalomming for pay, Hank Kashiwa (foreground) became the champion in a sport where they fine you for missing the parties

was a success: some 2,000 spectators braved such heavy snows that the promoters relented and let everybody in free just for showing up. The first giant slalom round went to Kashiwa, who came in second, after Duvillard failed to qualify, giving the American a 24-point lead. The next day, Kashiwa picked up the automatic five points for qualifying for the slalom, clinching the title even if Duvillard won, which he did for his 10th victory of the season. The final tally was 360 to 346 for Kashiwa; \$52,200 to \$44,500 for Duvillard.

It is six years now that this ski circus has been dashing about the country and, unlikely as it seemed back in the old days, it has prospered. Though they are by no means household names, Duvillard and Kashiwa have made well over \$100,000 this season, when one adds manufacturers' endorsements to their tour winnings. Last year Hugo Nisdl, 33, an Austrian so lacking in color that he is known by

his fellow racers as The Invisible Man, won more than \$93,000 in purses and fell just short of \$180,000 in total income. Spider Sabich of the U.S., badly injured this year, has made that much or more in a couple of seasons past, and Jean-Claude Killy, out this year after a gall-bladder operation, collected close to \$200,000 in his championship 1972-73 season.

Rich as it is, there is an unmistakable element of Mickey Mouse in the pro racing format. The short, bump-filled head-to-head courses are tailored so that the show fits easily into such unlikely environs as a hillside outside Chicago, a slope in downtown Montreal or even a hillside beyond the outskirts of San Bernardino. Ever since it was first sent on the road by former U.S. Ski Team Coach Bob Beattie, the pro tour has been the object of scorn and loathing by purists involved with the European-oriented World Cup. For years they dented the

Continued



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PRO SKIING *continued*

dual slaloms Beattie promoted as more vaudeville than sport and utterly lacking in the traditions of classic racing. But now it seems that they felt Beattie had a pretty good idea all along. Last season the World Cup commissioners reluctantly experimented with dual slaloms in a series of unofficial, no-points-counted races in the U.S., and this season they actually scheduled a pro-style meet. Ironically, officials set the dual for the last meet of the year and—lo!—the entire outcome of the men's World Cup title hung on this competition.

Nothing could have been more satisfying to the pros. "You have to see the humor in a raggedy bunch of little guys, struggling to make a buck in North America, forcing them to change the most traditional sport around," says Beattie. "Now they're trapped in the dual-slalom approach. They had more people at Val Gardena last month for the World Cup finish than they had during the world championships there in 1970. It was exciting as all get out. The crowds loved it. They won't ever again be able to hold a whole World Cup season without a dual race now that they've started."

Beattie is neither embarrassed nor reticent about the commercial origins and motivation behind his enterprise. "We aren't so naive as to think that we can draw huge crowds," he says. "We're dealing in remote ski areas a lot of the time, although we like more and more to race near big cities so we can pull more of an audience. The most we drew this year was 7,500 at 53 a head on Mont Royal in Montreal. Mainly, we're interested in the media aspect and marketing. We're kind of like a traveling industrial show; you might call it an industry happening. The whole racing circuit was conceived first as a selling machine and second as a sport. This isn't an exhibition quite like a circus—the contests are real. But this is mainly an arm of the industry."

After six years, Beattie's sporting marketplace is well organized. Before each meet an advance crew, including a marketing director, publicity director and tournament directors, arrives at the area with truckloads of banners and signs. The racers themselves are organized into a unit called the International Ski Racers Association, and through ISRA they discipline themselves. The association enforces its own rules, such as the one specifying that any racer who

fails to attend an official sponsor-organized cocktail party (there are two or three at every meet) or fails to show up for public presentation ceremonies must pay a \$50 fine.

To maximize the promotional aspect, each race is a competition between manufacturers' teams as well as between individual businessmen-racers. Each week press releases are sent nationwide recounting the precise standing of Rossignol skis vs. Dynastar skis vs. Olin skis, of La Dolomite boots vs. Nordica boots vs. Lange, right down to Demetre sweaters vs. Mossant sweaters vs. Head sweaters.

But even as World Pro Skiing thrives, there may be trouble ahead. The prize money this season totaled \$410,000, down from last season's \$500,000. A main reason for the falling off was that Benson & Hedges, which had been the overall Grand Prix sponsor, decided to sponsor just five races of its own this year. Next year it is expected to underwrite only two. Yet Beattie, the eternal optimist, sees this past season as one of his tour's strongest. "We've come through the worst, this was the hard transitional year without Big Daddy Benson & Hedges and all their guaranteed money and promotional expertise. It was like trying to run the tennis tour without Virginia Slims behind it. But we've made it work. And now, I think, it looks like we're on the way up. This year we averaged \$30,000 prize money per race. In a couple of years we'll have a couple of \$100,000 races and in five years we'll be averaging \$100,000 a race."

Over the years, Beattie has dug up such seemingly bizarre sponsors as Fabergé, Suzuki, Ford and Montezuma tequila. Now, in a tight economy, he will have to dig up a whole new crowd for next season. To Beattie, it's a dish of ice cream. "We've got TV and press support, it's just a matter of finding sponsors," he says. "They're there, they always are. I'll begin with Plan A and if that doesn't work, I'll go to Plan B and maybe I'll have to get to Plan Z before I find enough money, but it'll be there and we will grow."

So confident is Beattie that he is already making plans to invade Europe on a regular basis. "They're going to love us," he says. Possibly. But will the ski marketing men come up with the schillings and francs?

END

You've earned your stripe



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At any rate, they had fun

Few of the competitors at the Texas Relays were as fast as Larry Shipp, but most had a ball anyway, particularly the OTIS 400-yard relay team

Dave Roberts, the world-record holder in the pole vault, catapulted 18'1" and another world-record holder, Dwight Stones, high-jumped 7'1" to win their specialties at the Texas Relays last weekend. These were fine efforts so early in the outdoor season, but they were not what these relays are all about. You had to look deeper into the rack of the 1,500-odd athletes of both sexes and all shapes, sizes and ages to find out what makes a track meet a happening, not just an event.

Chip Guesman is a stocky, mustachioed freshman at the University of Texas, who hails from Hereford, Texas, where he was something less than a mediocre pole vaulter (13'6"). But if any athlete at this meet, including Roberts and Stones, was happier than Guesman, he concealed it well.

Guesman ran the third leg in the intramural 440-yard relay, limited to students attending Texas. When he finished his leg and passed the baton to anchor-

man Lee Line, he gave Line a solid 10-yard lead. After he had completed the handoff, Guesman jumped high in the air, shaking his fists and yelling. He did not bother to watch Line go on to win but sprinted across the infield of Texas Memorial Stadium to receive a congratulatory kiss from his girl friend in the stands, then hurried back to embrace his three teammates. Guesman, of course, runs for fun. And, at his modest level, running is fun.

"We call ourselves the OTIS track club," he said. "We were riding in an elevator in the dorm when we decided to run in the intramurals, so we picked Otis for the name, then figured out what it means. What it means is Organized Terrors of Intramural Sports."

His colleagues on the OTIS 440-yard relay team, freshman all, are Andy Wingert, a 50-second quarter miler, Bucky Payne, a not-very-good hurdler, and Line, a not-very-good sprinter. Line, tall and slender with an ineradicable smile,

said, "Now we're going to run in the intramural meet for all the conference schools. And I figure, with a little more work, we'll win. Our handoffs were a bit ragged today."

"But we won," said Guesman, "we won!"

He looked toward the end of the track, where Roberts was preparing to make his first pole vault attempt at 17 feet.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I got to watch this dude."

He and his friends sat in the infield, watching, as Roberts vaulted faultlessly until he tried to break his world record of 18'6½", set only a week before at the Florida Relays. He failed three times at 18'8". Guesman, the 13'6" high school vaulter, shook his head in admiration. "How about that?" he said. "He must have been six inches over the bar at 18'1", huh? I wonder how it feels to be that good."

Margaret Ellison, who coaches the Texas Track Club of Abilene, figures that being that good does not really matter. She brought nine girls to the Texas Relays, none of whom did anything spectacular, but all of whom had fun.

"These little old girls get a lot of good out of running," she said. Ellison is 57 and has red hair that has earned her the somewhat inappropriate nickname of Flaming Mamie and, more years ago than she likes to say, she once ran 50 yards in seven seconds.

"Girls who are plain run for attention," she said. "I mean, for a little while on the track they feel like everyone is looking at them and that makes them feel good, you know? Before they start running, they've got no confidence in themselves. They don't think any boys want to look at them, and they walk around bent over with their heads down. Then they start to run, and they prove something to themselves. They begin to walk tall and straight and that does something for their figures, and the running has already helped out there and the first thing you know, they've got dates and boyfriends."

Mamie, chunky and cheerful, works as a secretary for an Abilene oilman, but devotes most of her time to coaching track.

"Some of them quit if they don't win,"

continued



LARRY SHIPP (SECOND FROM LEFT) SAILS AWAY FROM THE FIELD IN THE HURDLES

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she said, "but if they stuck with it, they get hooked. I dress them up in red suits, fix them up so they look good. I had a stewardess from Braniff run for me nearly seven years, never really won anything big, but she kept running."

She ran in this meet, too, although not for Flaming Mame. Her name is Miki Hervey and she is, indeed, a Braniff stewardess. She ran for a Dallas track club, and finished a modest sixth in the women's mile, won by world-record holder Francie Larrieu. Hervey's time was 5:19.2.

"I guess that's too far for me," she said. She has the tight skinned, thin face of a distance runner and a compact, trim body. "My best distance is the half mile. I've won some races at that distance around this area. Once I nearly made the finals in the nationals."

"I got a kind of late start in this. I mean I was 26 when I began running, and I'm 32 now. Well, I'm really nearly 33. But because I started late, I had to work harder. I felt I had to do well against the young girls. I mean if I didn't, they would all be thinking, 'What's that old bug doing out there?' I just like running, I guess. Of course, I like to win, but what I really like is to prepare myself for a stress situation and handle it as well as I can."

She stopped talking to watch a relay race and shook her head sadly when a tall, thin youngster in the red and blue uniform of Southern Methodist finished 100 yards back in last place and collapsed on the infield.

"Poor kid," she said. "I know how he feels. I wish I could help him but there really isn't much you can do. You have to make it on your own. That's what I like about it."

The SMU runner was a freshman from Houston with the faint hint of a beard beginning to show on his narrow face. He sat with his head hanging between his knees, his breath still short, his face drawn. He had run his leg as fast as he could and finished far behind and he looked up angrily when he was touched on the shoulder.

He listened to a question and turned away resentfully.

"What are you doing," he said, "looking for extremes? And I'm the worst? There were some other people on the team, too."

He shrugged.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "But I don't



OTIS' HAPPY INTRAMURAL RELAY WINNERS: WINGERT, PAYNE, QUESMAN AND LINE

feel too good. You hear people cheering when you finish last by a mile and you know they aren't really cheering. You feel like they're making fun of you, but you have to finish. Look, I run the mile most of the time. I know maybe I'm not ever going to run a really good mile, but I'm not going to be a bad miler, either. I'm a freshman and I've run 4:18.7 and I hope to get under 4:10. Running is something I can do and improve at, so I'll keep on doing it."

His name was Jeff Rolf and he majored in journalism. Running is not his life. "It's a kind of emotional release," he said. "I like it. I don't like it today, but I'll like it again tomorrow."

He got up, his breathing even now, his face composed. "I like to watch the good ones, too," he said. The 120-yard hurdles were starting and he went to the edge of the track. "I'd like to know what they think about after a race," he said. "It must be another kind of a world."

Larry Shipp, the LSU star, came out of his blocks a bit late, gradually moved ahead of the field over the hurdles, then sprinted in a two-yard winner in 13.7 seconds, very good early-season time. He was not breathing hard, and as he put on his warmup jacket, he talked easily and confidently.

"I'm still working on my start," Shipp said. "I have a tendency to dwell a bit. While I'm in the blocks, waiting for the gun, I think about the start, but I think about the other runners, too. You can feel the whole happening—who is scared,

who thinks he can run, who thinks he can win. No, I always think I will win. I wouldn't run if I didn't think that."

He has startling light hazel eyes in a handsome cocoa-brown face and he smiled as he thought about winning.

"I look at the hurdles as an art form," he said. "It's a performance, like a ballerina puts on. I'm aware of the people and I want to do well for them. Of course, I'm aware of the other runners, too. For the first few hurdles I'm getting my rhythm, then I am aware of where the pressure is coming from. If no one is coming up on my left, say, I forget my left and I'm aware of the field on my right. Today I could feel that Allen Misher, my teammate, was pressing and forcing the hurdles, so I dismissed him from my mind."

He was asked how it felt to win his event in the Texas Relays and he smiled again, a composed young man.

"It's very early in the season," he said. "You can win all the Texas Relays titles in the world and it doesn't mean a thing. What I am trying to build to is the national championship. That's what counts. And then the Olympics. I like to excel. And this is something I can excel at."

He seemed only mildly pleased at his victory. Not as happy, say, as the OTIS track club. But he has been a winner for a long time. Victory is infinitely more precious when it is a rare pleasure.

Too bad the OTIS relay team won't be running in the Olympics.

END



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THE BEST AT EVERYTHING

Vasili Alexeyev is the greatest weight lifter. And the finest gardener, cook, carpenter, singer and checker player perhaps in all of Soviet Russia, as the author learned on a rare and privileged visit to his home

by WILLIAM O. JOHNSON

Vasili Alexeyev, the premier sports hero of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, stood in his garden amid his strawberry plants, his red peppers and his roses. The autumn sun shone on the south of Russia as if it were the south of France. Alexeyev's arms, thick as tree trunks, were akimbo, the vast muscles at rest in the sun. His kingly chest and belly, broader than any barrel, bass drum or office safe in common use today, expanded surrealistically when he inhaled. His torso glittered when he moved, for he was draped from right shoulder to left hip—
continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIC TIGER



THE BEST continued

tance of perhaps four feet—with a brilliant vermilion silk sash adorned with row upon row of small medallions, the sash was so laden it looked like a swath of golden mail. It weighed seven or eight pounds, but was no burden for Vasilii Alexeyev. At 33, Alexeyev weighs 324 pounds, stands 6' 1½" and is the strongest man in the world.

Alexeyev is in fact the greatest super-heavyweight weight lifter of all time. He was the first man ever to lift 500 pounds, in 1970, and in the same year to total more than 600 kilograms (1,323 pounds) in the three standard lifts—since reduced to two. He has been the weight-lifting champion in his class in the Soviet Union and the European and world champion since 1970, and is the reigning Olympic champion. He has broken 67 world weight-lifting records. He has jerked 537 pounds, snatched 413, pressed 518.

But on this occasion Alexeyev was posing for formal portraits in his garden, wearing a heavy black suit and beginning to perspire. He glowered at the photographer from beneath furry black eyebrows. "Smile!" said the photographer meekly. Alexeyev's face became thoughtful. He scowled and then bellowed, "Schmüle!"

The sound rose from the deep caverns of his chest like the thunder and turbulence within a volcano. "Schmüle!" Then he smiled. And the camera clicked. Smile. Click. And so it went. Alexeyev's brow dripped as the noon sun beat upon his black wool suit. At last the formal shooting was done, but Alexeyev held up a huge hand and spoke urgently in Russian. His two sons, Sergei, 12, and Dmitri, 9, hurried to his side. Alexeyev removed the glorious sash and arranged his sons in front of him. Then he gently hung the silk across both their chests. "Schmüle!" he roared and beamed at the camera. The photographer took many pictures of the proud father and his sons before Vasilii Alexeyev pronounced the session over.

Vasilii Alexeyev lives in the small city of Shakhly, on the steppes, about 800 miles southwest of Moscow. Shakhly is not mentioned in guidebooks to the Soviet Union. The city has been closed to Western visitors for years, not because it has any secret installations but because there are no official Intourist facilities to manage the rigidly controlled trips to which tourists are customarily restricted.

The exceptional arrangements accorded me involved simply a translator (a Moscow sportswriter named Yuri Solomakhin) and the almost constant presence of a tiny, balding, ashen-faced fellow we came to call simply The Chairman. His name was Leonid Tkach and he was, in fact, the chairman of the sports committee of Shakhly and our official host. Proper and usually quite stiff, though cordial, The Chairman did not seem well. At times he spoke to us, through Yuri, of stomach troubles that had long plagued him.

The city of Shakhly has over 200,000 inhabitants, and nearly 20,000 of them are coal miners. Mining is the city's principal industry, and has been for about 100 years. The shafts of the mines at Shakhly are driven uncommonly deep in order to reach the richest veins of coal; one has been sunk to a depth of a mile and a quarter. A gigantic electric star of red lights glows above the mines when the miners are producing their quota; when it is dark they are not. Last fall the star blazed through the nights of my visit.

But this is no Appalachia. The city of Shakhly is pleasant, its streets lined with trees. The central park has sidewalk cafés and tranquil ponds, and old ladies nod in the sun as they wait for someone to buy the bouquets of flowers displayed in pails at their feet. The young women wear miniskirts and are tastefully made up, the shopwindows are filled with fairly stylish clothes, there are trolley cars and a certain amount of automobile traffic on the main streets. But Shakhly seems a calm, relaxed city.

Its most striking sights are the great pyramids of slag that rise like melancholy black Alps, or the real pyramids of Egypt turned to soot. They can be very dangerous, for the dust within may build up to an intensity that can spontaneously explode. As The Chairman said, "They are like volcanoes when they burn. It may take weeks to put out the fires. Smoke will hang over the city, and the daytime will be like dusk."

Vasilii Alexeyev lives at No. 16 Klimentko Street, a serene thoroughway with trees and park benches along a promenade down the center. It is quiet here. Alexeyev's home is a bungalow of soft brownish-pink brick with a pointed slate roof and high windows facing the street. It is



Prized peppers delight Alexeyev. "There are none in Shakhly so crisp and pungent!" he says.

termed a "state house," meaning that it is owned by the government and that he pays a symbolic rent of 12 rubles (around \$17) a month. The house was built in 1913, and Alexeyev has lived in it for about three years. In the Soviet Union the average living space is approximately 90 square feet per person; in Shakhty, the average is a bit more. Alexeyev and his family have more space than that, possibly a third of an acre, including the vine-covered brick-walled courtyard with a charming garden.

One day Alexeyev addressed himself to the subject of his house, frowning at my intimation that it was his only because and for the duration of his successful weight-lifting career. "They have given me this house for eternity," he declared, as interpreted by Yuri Solomakhin. "My sons will live here, and my grandsons. Although—who knows?—they may have something better by then. I had an apartment with four rooms before, but I preferred an old house, a courtyard for my training needs, some space. My claim was put through the executive committee of the town council. Due to my training conditions, they approved this. There were two families living here before. They were relatives. They are in new housing developments now."

The home thus acquired is warm and spacious, reflecting a graceful, prosperous way of life that might once have been labeled blatantly bourgeois. There are two sizable bedrooms, a fine bathroom and a modern, tiled kitchen. The parlor overlooks the street and is large and cool. There is a kind of muted elegance to the room, with its cut-glass chandelier, black marble fireplace and magnificent Oriental rug. Vases contain fresh flowers, a 21-inch color television is set in one corner, a long lacquered breakfast is filled with an assortment of crystal vases, goblets, pitchers and bowls, some of them prizes Alexeyev has won. On top are a few of his larger trophies, including the gleaming "First Man to jerk 500 pounds" award given him by George Petridis of Bayonne, N.J. Against the opposite parlor wall are two lacquered bookcases, and on one perches a pair of noble stuffed birds. "They are steppe eagles," said Alexeyev, "shot by me. I am a good marksman." Atop the other bookcase is a small portrait of Joseph Stalin, pipe in

mouth. Among Alexeyev's books are a full set of the works of Jack London (in Russian), the complete writings of Lenin and a tome containing Brezhnev's *Report to the 24th Communist Party Congress*. A stereo is built into this bookcase, and as he talked Alexeyev put a Tom Jones recording on the turntable. Occasionally he hummed along. "It is a fact that I have the best singing voice on the Soviet weight-lifting team," he said. "We sing often, songs of winning and songs of workers. We must struggle in competition and we inspire ourselves by singing. Sometimes we sing about trenches and war, and sometimes about the Don flowing red with blood. Also a favorite song of mine is *Yesterday* as Tom Jones sings it. When I was a boy in the north of Russia I was a musician and I sang at weddings. I was very popular."

Alexeyev said that he seldom watches television. "There is too much literature, too much music in life to spend time at television." He said, however, that his sons frequently watch cartoons, including *Mighty Mouse*, *Mickey Mouse* and a popular Russian cartoon called *Nba Pogodi*. This involves "a wolf, which displays all the qualities of evil, in conflict

with a hare, inevitably a paragon of all that is good and honorable."

In a small room off the parlor is the collection of medals Alexeyev has won, dozens of them, displayed in glass cases and protected with care and tenderness. The room is not unlike a shrine, and Alexeyev himself seems to enter it with a hint of humility. "I have won these medals," he said, "but in fact they belong to the people of the Soviet Union. I am keeping them safe for them."

Alexeyev's wife is a handsome, blonde, blue-eyed woman, shapely and lively, given to arpeggios of giggles when her husband unleashes a witty line—which seemed to be often. Her name, believe it or not, is Olimpiada, and she was once a student of economics in Moscow.

Alexeyev said of her, "She is the wife of the champion weight lifter, but many do not know she is the champion's wife. They watch her closely when she walks. They are sure she is a young unmarried girl. They do not suspect she is mine, because many think my wife should weigh 200 kilos. When I take a promenade with Olimpiada, they think she is perhaps my little daughter." Outside, his boys frolicked and scuffled about the courtyard,

continued



Prized prizes fill a room, where Alexeyev says he keeps them safe for the Russian people.

THE BEST continued

kicking a rubber ball with an ungainly Dobornan puppy. Occasionally Alexeyev would roar a command at the puppy, and it would cower: it seemed to be the only obsequious creature in the household of the strongest man in the world.

I asked Alexeyev if his sons received special admiration or treatment from friends or teachers because of his position. He shook his great head vigorously. "Nyet. They are normal boys both. The star system is not popular with us. If I am not in the up-front situation I am in, it would not matter, they would be handled the same."

The courtyard and garden of Alexeyev's home are perhaps more impressive than the house itself. The eight-foot brick wall was festooned with grapevines, the leaves changing to soft yellow and gentle red in the autumn sun. He was enthusiastic, even rapturous, about his garden. "Ahhh," he sighed, closing his eyes in a mock swoon over the splendor of nature. "To make something in the earth, that is the best recreation yet. I have made many things in this earth. Look here. . . ." He moved swiftly to a patch of strawberry plants and bent to touch them. "I have three sorts of strawberries, and I have put them all together and made a new kind. And here. . . ." He hurried across to another plant and crouched by it reverently. "My lovely Bulgarian peppers! There are none in Shakhly so crisp and pungent as mine. These are such beauties of a pepper! And here. . . ." He moved on to some roses, a few fragile blossoms still aglow in October. "I have made also a new sort of rose. They are so new they have no name, so I will name them 'Shakhtinka' after the lovely women of Shakhly." For a moment he stood surveying the garden. "I have had carrots, white cabbages here," he said. "In no collective farm do you find such good vegetables as you do with me. In my yard is perfect Communism. I grow everything I need."

Two brick outbuildings are attached to the house proper. One is a garage, but it is used for storage. Alexeyev's four-door Volga sedan that cost about \$10,000 is parked in the courtyard. It has plush maroon upholstery and a stereo tape deck. Next to the garage is his personal billiard building, generous living space for three or four people by Soviet stan-

dards. The floor is parquet; the walls are paneled in white pine with ornamentally carved strips and darkened grain; the ceiling is made of interlocking wooden squares, with indirect lighting and quiet fans. In the center of the room—gleaming, elegant—stands the billiard table.

Alexeyev breathed deeply as he gazed upon the room. He said, "I have done it with my own hands. I have a talent for carpentry. I have clever hands—I have what peasants used to call 'hands of gold.' I have laid the bricks in much of the courtyard walls. I have cleaned stones for my garden. I have built stools and tables here. I have built this room."

At the rear of the building is a gazebo that Alexeyev also built with his golden hands. It contains a Ping-Pong table and a chinning bar. Asked if he used the chinning bar in his training, he looked surprised and seofled. "Nyet. It is for the children, but even they are too wise to use it." And the table-tennis setup? "I play often," he said. "I am best table-tennis player on the Soviet weight-lifting team. I am also best on the team at draughts, dominoes, billiards and, of course, lifting the weights."

The Chairman, Leonid Tkach, arranged a late dinner one evening in a Shakhly restaurant, where our party dined in a private back room. I asked if we could not sit at a table with the local people, but he shook his head no. Yuri explained delicately that Tkach was fearful of my encountering obstreperous drunks in the restaurant, which was also a nightclub with a band and a dance floor. "Sometimes coal miners work very hard and then drink very hard," Yuri said. "Our chairman would not want for there to be an incident which could spoil your visit with Vasil Alexeyev. You understand."

At dinner The Chairman told me that he and the town sports committee dealt with many of the aspects of Alexeyev's life. "We are supporting always good sportsmen," he said. "The point of our system is to treat them well. The better sportsmen get better living conditions, better working conditions. If the sports committee said Alexeyev needed a better house, a better work shift, he would probably get it. The job of the chairman," said The Chairman, "is to try to get athletes better conditions than the av-

erage worker. We have about 170 athletes under special working conditions in Shakhly. If they need to train in the morning, then I ask the mine administration. If a sportsman produces better results in sports, then he gets better food, better house, better job perhaps."

The Chairman paused and sighed. He looked weary. "We are always cursed, of course," he said, "if we do not pay enough attention to our great sportsmen. Certainly a great sportsman like Vasil Alexeyev must live better than anyone else. He must have the finest caloric food. The workers say it, too. They agree he should have better living conditions. Naturally in sports we are organized from the top to bottom. Much of what is done for Alexeyev is determined by the Sports Committee of the U.S.S.R. The committee says to us, 'Give us good sportsmen from Shakhly.' Every four years there is great inspection for our Olympic teams, and we must be ready to supply sportsmen who are excellent. We try to do that. The chairman is cursed by the U.S.S.R. committee and by the town council when our athletes do not do well." He sighed again. "We are hoping, you know, in 1976 to have two gold Olympic medals from Shakhly—Alexeyev and Rigert [David Rigert, a middle-heavyweight lifter who also won a world championship in Manila last year]. It is very difficult to satisfy everybody. But if I have been wrong in what I do, I would not be chairman for 10 years, as I have been, would I?"

I asked him if proving the Soviet, Communist way of life better than the American/capitalist were a primary motivation in this Russian effort to develop champions. The Chairman replied calmly, "In my opinion the best conditions exist between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. in the sports struggle. The strongest must win. But who really wins? A man wins. It is true each individual must have a team to compete with. That is the rule. So it may be a nation or a nation's team a man is a part of. But it is the individual who wins the contest, not the nation or the way of life. I ask you: Is a boy carried on the shoulders of his comrades because he is a *collective*? Nyet!"

Vasil Alexeyev's official occupation is that of mining engineer. He trained in

continued



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THE BEST continued

the Shakhty mining institute, which is why he moved to Shakhty in 1966 from the Arkhangel'sk region some 700 miles north of Moscow. When I told him that it is still being written in Western publications that he began his working life as a butcher's apprentice he said, "If I had started as a butcher, I would still be a butcher. I would have been a fine butcher, of course," he observed, "and butchers make good livings." In fact, as a youth Alexeyev worked in the forests near his home in Pokrovo-Shishkino as a wood-cutter apprentice to his father, who was an accomplished lumberjack.

But now he is a mining engineer. He said that he has an office near the mines, and visits it each day (though he did not visit the office or the mines with me) and his pay is very high—500 rubles (or \$705 a month). I asked The Chairman about Alexeyev's salary in relation to the true value of his performance as a mining engineer. Tkach replied elliptically, "I prefer to count my money rather than Alexeyev's. I think he does not lend any money, so perhaps he does not have so much." The Chairman paused, then added an oddly appropriate non sequitur. "It is true, you know, that Gordie Howe earns more money than all the first hockey team of the U.S.S.R. and all of the re-

serves." In comparison to Alexeyev's monthly income of 500 rubles, Soviet office workers earn an average of 130 rubles a month, as do teachers. Doctors, of whom the vast majority are women, get 150 a month. Coal miners, regarded almost as heroes in the U.S.S.R. because of the pain and danger of their jobs, average 200 rubles a month.

Obviously Alexeyev's engineering career runs a poor second to his weight-lifting work, and he himself spoke of a kind of duality in his life. "Being famous as I have been is not all positive," he said. "It makes it more difficult to go upward in your working career. Of course, I am not striving to go upward in my career at this moment. If I achieve too much as a mining engineer, it becomes more difficult to pursue my training as a sportsman. I know also that if I were working my way up in my mining-engineer career, I would be a big chief by now." He paused, and spoke solemnly in a sepulchral bass voice. "I am not feeling greatly celebrated. I am not feeling a special man. I do not know how it is with U.S. sports heroes, but heroes in the Soviet Union are working very hard at their sports."

He went on. "There are two categories of performer in my sport. First: those who view competitions as tortures. Sec-

ond: those who see competitions as great celebrations. I am in the middle of those two. For some performers there is a psychological problem. As the weight is greater, the more the mind makes the weight seem to be. But we are from the U.S.S.R., and such a psychological situation is no problem. During Shakespear's times it was said, 'What must be cannot be avoided.' That is how it is when I lift. To successfully lift the weight cannot be avoided. I experience the tortures *and* the celebration. But I lift as well as I lift because it cannot be avoided.

"I am asked to make many speeches in the Soviet Union. I am very much at ease and I say to crowds, 'O.K., what topic do you like me to talk about?' They ask me to tell my biography, how I got to be a great sportsman, and they ask my impression of my last competition. Of course, I have nearly always won the last competition, so my impressions are always happy, proud. I say I have become a great champion because of my love of hard work and my great striving to reach the target of winning."

When I asked whether he considered his victories some sort of proof of the U.S.S.R.'s superiority over the U.S., Alexeyev replied, "I have always had to win because I respect my people and I display my country's success by winning. As to whether we would prove the Soviet way better than the American in the competitions of weight lifting—such a target was never put before us."

It was about 11:45 in the morning, another translucent autumn day in Alexeyev's courtyard. Young Dmitri was kicking his soccer ball, the Doberman puppy scrambling wildly after it. The boy's school hours were in the afternoon. His brother attended morning classes—there are double sessions in Shakhty. Suddenly the door of Alexeyev's house banged open and the great man stepped out. He was dressed in electric-blue sweat pants, Adidas sneakers, a thin apple-green T shirt. In his right hand he carried a bulging Adidas bag and looked not unlike a gigantic commuter bound for his train. And Vasilii Alexeyev was indeed on his way to work. He strode about 25 mighty paces, and there he was at his office, chairman of the board, to say nothing of king of the mountain.

continued



Host and wife Olympiads at luncheon; naturally he grew the eggplant and cooked the entrée.

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THE BEST continued

In those 25 paces from his back door to the bar, the weights and the rubber mats laid by the brick wall, everything in Alexeyev's existence as premier sports hero of the Soviet Union and strongest man in the world was on display. He moved with a powerful swagger across the courtyard bricks. His massive arms kept rhythm with the steady pump of his great thighs and his head swayed—gently, arrogantly—with each stride. He radiated absolute peace and self-assurance. His face was composed in the benign, even saintly, self-confident expression of an old-fashioned king absolutely certain of his divine right to reign. There might have been music, *The Hallelujah Chorus* perhaps, but it was not necessary.

At the weight-lifting area he unzipped the bag to take out a package of talcum powder and a white leather girdle which he strapped beneath his belly to diminish the immense strain on his stomach muscles when he hoists the weights. The weights, the great discs of iron, were stacked along the garden wall. He studied them, then picked up one weighing 25 kilos (55 pounds) and fitted it on one end of the bar. He put a similar disc on the other end and began to work. Next he progressed to 65 kilos (143 pounds). He dusted his hands with talcum, spat into his palms, bent and gripped the bar. With a horrible gasp and grunt he yanked it to shoulder level, paused, then raised it, in triumph, it seemed, above his head. He held it for a moment, then let it fall to the mats with an explosive crash.

In the soft morning, with his Shakhinka roses nodding nearby and the leaves of the grapevines rustling on the garden wall, with the chirping of birds in his trees and the civilized sound of trolley cars in the distance, the savage clangor of the falling weight was as unassuming as a grenade blast at one's feet.

Alexeyev lifted the 65 kilos three or four times as a warmup. He rested for a moment, leaning on a padded gymnastic horse. He said nothing. He seemed to be concentrating very hard, as though slipping into some kind of trance necessary to the superhuman feats he performed so regularly. Dmitri and the puppy scampered by his feet, and Alexeyev emerged from his trance to inquire, "Have you done all your lessons?" Offended, the boy replied that of course he had.

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THE BEST continued

Alexeyev added more weight and lifted something over 250 pounds. He seemed about to burst when he hoisted the bar above his head. His belly strained against the leather girdle. He dropped the weight with the same hideous crash. He lifted it again and let it fall. Then, panting, he leaned again against the horse. Once more he seemed to be entering a quasi-mystical state of concentration, which it seemed wisest not to interrupt. But then he looked at me and said, "Ask me something."

Well, all right. Could he explain his training technique? He said, "The difference between my methodics and others is great. What is mainly different is that I train more often and I lift more weights than others. I never know when I will train. Sometimes deep in the night, sometimes in the morning. Sometimes several times a day, sometimes not at all. I never repeat myself. Only I understand what

is right for me. I have never had a coach. I know my own possibilities best. No coach knows them. Coaches grow old and they have old ideas."

He bent over to attach more weight to his bar. It would be 310 pounds now. He dusted his hands and spat on them, then paused and said, "I am, of course, the unofficial coach of the Soviet team. Everybody asks my advice during training and competitions. They are very grateful, for what I say usually helps." With a bellow he hoisted the weight to his shoulders, hesitated, gasped and shouted with effort and exultation as he shoved it above his head. This time when the weight smashed to the mats he was panting more heavily and beginning to perspire. "Ask more," he said.

I asked about his daily routine. "I'm sleeping eight hours, normally," he said. "I also play tennis and volleyball. I have great springing qualities in volleyball. I

love to play dominoes. It is excellent to play before a competition because it destroys the cares that come then."

He upped the weight to 360 pounds and raised it once with great noise and puffing and let it crash. I asked him about injuries. He replied with animation, though still panting from the last lift. "Yes, I have had legs twisted and backs twisted. Many times I have backs twisted. Also muscles in the stomach twisted. It was due to a back injury once that I was prohibited to train. But I am a very concentrated man. I continued my working anyway. The injury did not matter." Alexeyev was silent for a moment. Then, in a theatrical gesture, he threw out his chest, raised one arm and roared what sounded like a challenge to the heavens. Interpreter Yuri Solomakhin chuckled and said, "What Vasil has just shouted is 'Victory or death!'"

Alexeyev paused to let this sink in, then

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THE BEST continued

continued in melodramatic tones, "In spite of my pained back and in spite of the prohibition against my lifting the weights, I won the U.S.S.R. championships that time, then the European championships, and then I am that same year the world champion for the first time!"

There was some temptation to burst into a round of applause after the recital, but instead I asked Alexeyev how he dealt with pain, if he hypnotized himself when he lifted weights. He replied, "If you have pain you overcome it by physical exercise, not by the mind. The mind is no good for fixing pain."

Alexeyev worked out for about an hour. When he was finished he was streaming perspiration, but he seemed plainly exhilarated and said, "Let us talk some more for a moment." So I asked about his position as a deputy of the executive council of Shaikhty. This is an elective position that Alexeyev holds in which he represents some 2,000 constituents as their spokesman and champion before the local parliament. He was delighted to discuss it. "Many, many times I represent people before the town council about such things as living conditions. A doctor may come to me, a respected man, and say, 'I have a two-room apartment, and I would like from the state a three-room apartment.' So I, as deputy, am analyzing this question and coming to a decision as to whether I think it is correct or not. If I feel it is correct, then I go to the council and present the case. If a man for whom I am deputy wants a different job shift, I may mention it to his plant manager and arrange the change. I do not mind using my reputation as a sports champion to help these people. They have elected me four times now. It is honest duty, simple duty. There is no pay."

I asked whether he had considered going into politics after his career as a champion was over, and he shouted, "That will be long from now! The Olympics of 1980—in Moscow—they are necessary for me. Most necessary!" Having made this perfectly clear, he spoke thoughtfully. "It is true my experience as deputy is good and may be helpful in my future. I may be elected to the town council, the regional council, the provincial council sometime. But I do not know about my future. I intend to enter the Communist

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Party soon. So far my politics exist only in sports gold. That is my only politics, and I am kept busy with speeches and with answering letters that come from fans. Sometimes I get them and they are addressed only to "Alexeyev, The Kremlin!"

He picked up his Adidas bag, gave a small salute and said, "I am taking long hot bath now." And he sauntered off.

That night I left the hotel at about 11-30 to take a walk and strolled through the central park, which was dark and empty. There was no light except that of the moon. I walked about the business district, looking into shop windows, until at last I reached Klimentko Street and sat on a bench across from Alexeyev's house. It was midnight now, but, surprisingly, the garden appeared floodlit. Then, faint and muffled, so that it was at first unclear what it was, came the sound of a falling weight. It was ghostly there in the dark, and I felt oddly frozen in time as I sat waiting. Many minutes passed, it seemed. Then, once more I heard—I thought I heard—another faraway crash on the other side of Vasily Alexeyev's garden wall. I rose and returned through the park to my hotel.

The following afternoon Alexeyev, beneath an apple tree, sat upon a wooden stool he had made. Before him was a table spread with an immaculate white cloth and laden with bowls of apples, grapes, tomatoes, red peppers, platters of cheese and meat, bottles of vodka and cognac. In his hands, bigger than any stevedore's yet supple as a cellist's, he held a cut-glass goblet which he polished with a white towel. The glass sparkled in the sunshine as he turned it in his hands. He polished all the glassware, then rose and ambled into the kitchen. He took some cuts of beef, *svetka*, and began to pound them with a meat hammer, adding salt and spices and onions, then frying them to make the main dish for luncheon. Asked if *svetka* was his favorite, Alexeyev replied, "Nyet. Everything I am preparing is my favorite because I am preparing only the most delicious dishes. No one in Shakhty is so good a cook as I. No one on the Soviet weight-lifting team is so good a cook, either."

We sat down for lunch and Alexeyev

continued

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THE BEST Continued



*"I don't mind being man's best friend,
but he carries it too damned far."*

gazed rather shyly about the table. Then he asked me, "Vodka or cognac?" I asked what he would suggest, and he said, "I have drunk cognac all over the world. In France, everywhere. None is so good as Armenian cognac. This," he held up a bottle, "is Armenian cognac!" He filled one of his sparkling goblets to the brim and handed it to me; he took the same amount himself after filling the other glasses. He raised his own, offered a simple toast of welcome and swallowed it all. So did everyone else. I then felt a toast was in order. Alexeyev refilled the goblets all around, and I said something suitably pretentious about such luncheons as those going far toward improving relations between our two nations. The toast was drunk. Next, the local soccer coach proposed a toast, and it, too, went down. The Chairman followed—though he was taking only a sip each time, owing, he said, to his perennially unsettled stomach. Olimpiada skipped the last four or five toasts, smiling warmly, but Yuri kept up and became so affected by the drinking and the sun that eventually I could not understand his English and Alexeyev could not understand his Russian. Subsequent toasts were hushed therefore into a linguistic vacuum, and the guests were reduced to loud jovial noises. Alexeyev's *vyvezka* was superb, as was his "vegetable caviar," a dish made from eggplant he had, of course, raised himself.

Much later, when the guests were about to leave, The Chairman insisted on one last toast and Alexeyev poured for all. The Chairman rose and said, "Here is to 1992, to Vasil Alexeyev, who will still be champion, and to whom we will drink once more in that far-off year." The toast was drunk. I asked Alexeyev if he really thought he might still be the strongest man in the world in 1992. He beamed, his black eyes shining from beneath the black forest of his eyebrows. Then he smiled that huge and now familiar beatific smile that made happy wreaths of the blue jowls. He held up one finger and spoke with the utmost magniloquence. "Do not forget one thing." He paused. "I am original." He paused. "I am unique."

And with that Vasil Alexeyev shook hands with everyone, went into his house and closed the door. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 31-April 6

PRO BASEBALL—NBA. Intensely crowded, the most interesting race in the end was the one that occurred between San Jose (50-30) and New York and Cleveland, fighting for one wild-card spot in the Eastern Conference. On Thursday night the two contenders met in Cleveland before the largest NBA crowd ever (20,299). The Cavaliers took the Knicks (100-81), strengthening their place in the race. The two-embroiled lost to Milwaukee (100-101) the next night left it to that all Cleveland needed was a New York loss to Buffalo on Sunday. What they did not need was the Knicks defeating the Braves (109-91) and overtaking the Knicks (99-94). Cleveland (69-94). New York (69-94) came up with the better record and landed the wild card. Already set for post-season play were Boston and Buffalo (Atlantic), Washington and Houston (Central), Chicago and Kansas City-Omaha (Midwest) and Golden State and Seattle (Pacific) and Western wild-card Detroit (West 3).

ABA Playing before a home crowd, Kentucky won the Eastern Division crown from New York, beating the Nets (108-99) in an exciting game to break a long-place deadlock. The Colorado and New York had tied the regular season record for the top spot with identical 38-26 seasons. Kentucky came into the tie-breaker having won nine straight, while New York had won three in a row following a five-game losing streak. The Spirit of St. Louis finished dead with a 15-12 record. Memphis (14-13) and Virginia compiled the worst record in the league's eight-year history (15-49). In overtime, Western subholder Denver was 69-49 for the best showing in either division. Milwaukee scored second to be the key to the Nuggets' success, in a 148-112 defeat of San Diego, near Denver players won in double figures. Second-place San Antonio could not repeat its season at 51-33 and began its playoff series in third-place Indiana (45-39). Utah was 36-44, and last-place San Diego 31-53.

BOXING—FRANK VALLENTINE of the Philippines won the WBA flyweight title in Tokyo, Japan, against a 15-round split decision, in Tokyo, Japan.

SWIMMING—FRANK BOOGS of the Aetna Pool finished in 10th place in the AAU indoor championships held at Cleveland State. Two Ohio State swimmers, CARROLL HODGE and TIM MCGEE, won the 10-meter competition, as well as the women's three-meter and men's one-meter titles, and 15-year-old Alabama high school student JIM PENNILLONX took the women's one-meter.

GOAL—TOM WISKOPEK won the Gatorade Greenhorn Open by three strokes over Al Giesberger with a 14-underbirdie and a nine-under-par 273. Wisoko's 100 PGA title earned him \$45,000.

LPGA tour leader JANE BALLOCK won her 100th

career in two weeks, Tokyo's \$33,333 World Ladies Tournament, by one stroke over Seiko Takatsuki of Japan. Ballock shot a one-under-par 221.

GYMNASIUM—THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA took the NCAA championship with 413.125 points, edging Louisiana State (412.7) and Southern Illinois (411.5) in Torrey House, Ind. Wayne Young of Brigham Young was the 4th-around Under 20.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL. The end of regular-season play left 12 of 18 teams alive for the playoffs. Three at the top of each of the four divisions were eligible. In the Patrick, Philadelphia, the New York Rangers and the N.Y. Islanders were set, leaving Atlanta out in the cold. The 3 teams were regarded as contenders play after a 3-3 home loss to the Rangers, Boston, Tampa, Vancouver, St. Louis, and Chicago qualified, as did Buffalo, Boston and Toronto in the Adams, and Montreal, Los Angeles and Pittsburgh in the Norris. Among the section leaders were Carleton Place's George Ken Lockie, who had two shutouts in two games, and defending Stanley Cup champion Philadelphia, which had a 14-game unbeaten streak, as the line when it begins play in the second round (April 23).

WHA Playoff spots went to the two top finishers in each division, with wild-card teams awarded to the two with the next-best records. Cincinnati, first-place New England (East), Houston (West) and Quebec (Northeast) and second-place Cleveland, San Diego and Toronto were in. The Mariners and Aeros had claimed their status several weeks before, while the Nordiques waited until the last week to enter the contest. West Division teams Phoenix and Minnesota were the wild cards.

HORSE RACING—PROMISE D CITY (\$10,407), David Whelan riding, won the 1½-mile \$100,000-added Arlington Derby for a yearling by half-brother Royal Chase, at Oaklawn Park in Hot Springs. The winning time was 1:39.1.

SINCE (\$2,801, Angel Coronado, and LARAMEE TRAIL (\$6,901, Mike Vining riding, won the two divisions of another 3-year-old title, the one-mile Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct. Reigning Belmont Stakes by 1½ lengths in 1:17, while Laramee defeated Lark by a length in 1:18.

WATER SPORTS—Forty-year-old A J FORTY collected the Utah USAC title of his career by winning the Tucson (N.J.) 200, averaging 134.625 mph and outlasting \$11,077 for the win. He set up a track record at the International Speedway, covering the distance in 1:17.39.

STEEPLECHASING—LISCARGOY, a 12-year-old gelding owned by Ernest S. Armstrong to Ireland Raymond J. Grant, won the 114th running of

the Grand National by 13 lengths over Red Burn, in Austin, England. The victory was worth \$91,200.

SWIMMING—Forty-year-old JENNY TURKALL of Australia set a world record of 1:48.06 in the women's 100-meter freestyle at the Cigna-Cala Garmis in London.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT won \$40,000 by defeating Martina Navratilova 6-4, 6-2 in the final of the \$50,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Los Angeles (April 29).

TRACK & FIELD—JIM BOLDING, world-record holder in the 400 and 800, won the 400-meter in 49.3 at the Texas Relays in Austin (April 25). PAUL CUMMINGS of BYU ran the mile in 3:59.8, and world-record holder DAVE RUDOLPH took the pole vault (18'1").

BRIAN GLENN D of San Jose put the 27' 6 1/2" to break his world professional indoor jump by 10 in an IFA meet in San Francisco. The distance exceeded George Wood's amateur record (27' 2 1/2") as well as Al Fotherby's amateur world record (27' 1 1/2"). At the Missouri hurdles LEON COLEMAN handed Rod Milburn his first pro loss in a 4-4 ending.

MUSKETEER—ELECTED BOB McADAM, Buffalo Braves center, as the NBA's Most Valuable Player by his fellow players. The 6'10" McAdam averaged 24.5 points per game this season to lead the league in scoring for the second straight year.

NAMED GENE BARTOW, 48, as head basketball coach at UCLA, replacing John Wooden, who ended five decades of coaching after the Bruins lost their fifth NCAA title in 12 years. Bartow was released from the remaining four years of his six-year contract at Illinois, where he had been head since 1978 last season. From 1970-74 he coached Memphis State, compiling an 85-32 record.

NAMED JUDITH R. HOLLAND, Sacramento State's director of women's athletics for the last six years, as the first director of women's collegiate sports at UCLA. The original nominee, Mica King of the Art Foundation, resigned the position for "personal reasons" before being offered the job.

RETIRED—San Francisco Giant Fielder RON BRYANT, 27, after five seasons and a .573 record. A Cy Young Award winner in 1971, when he had a 26-12 mark, Bryant was 1-15 last season.

DIED HAROLD M. OSBORN, 75, gold medalist in the high jump and silver medalist in the 1924 Olympics and silver medalist in the high jump in 1928, in Champaign, Ill.

CREDITS

26, 28—Eric Schwedler; 32, 34—Steve Schneider; 32—John Jones; 33—Don Brown; 37—Linda H. Brown; 74, 79—John D. Hodge; 103—John Bailey II.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BARRY STEBBINS, a basketball player, placed 1st, St. Mary's College of Emmitsburg, Md., to the Mason-Dixon indoor track title in Lexington, Va. He won the 60-yard dash (7.41), 60-yard hurdle (7.54) and long jump (22' 1 1/2"). He took second in the high jump and pole vault.



JAMES O'HARA, 33, Columbia's basketball player for 15 years and U.S. basketball in this summer's World Rowing Championships, was honored by the university as it broke with the tradition of naming shells after alumni, calling an eight-oared boat the *James O'Hara*.



DOUG DULL, a senior at Goodland (Kans.) High, compiled a four-year wrestling record of 96-1. This season he was AAAA grand state champion in the 119-pound class. Previously Dull had been state champion in 1974 (119 pounds), 1973 (105) and 1972 (98).



BRIAN SHEEHY, 19, was named Athlete of the Year by the American Athletic Association of the Deaf. A swimmer at American School for the Deaf and Blind, he set school records for total offense (17,000 yards), touchdowns (61) and points scored in a game (38).



TOM ROSS, a junior at Michigan State, led the nation's collegiate hockey players in scoring. In 40 games he had 38 goals and 59 assists for 97 points. Eighty of his points came in 32 Western Collegiate Hockey Association games to pace that league as well.



LIZ CARRUTHERS, a junior at Cal State Northridge, became the first woman in NCAA history to score a team point over 4000 points by finishing third in the Division II one-meter diving championships in Cleveland. She later took a fourth in three-meter diving.

As I Saw It

by JOHN SCHULIAN

THE BOYS OF SUMMER WERE THE BOYS OF SLUMBER THE FIRST YEAR IN LOS ANGELES

The only people in Los Angeles unprepared for the arrival of the Dodgers in 1958 were the 1958 Dodgers. They bumbled through the season like miscast actors, which, I thought, was not the way a team two years removed from the World Series was supposed to play.

Although I was only 13, I based my judgment on considerable, if not exactly first-hand, experience with big-leaguers. One of the many pitchers in the Inglewood (Calif.) Little League to throw a baseball past me with undisguised ease was George Metkovich Jr. This appeared to be a simple matter of superior breeding, since his father had played for six major league teams (moreover, he bore a nickname with a glorious future, Catfish). Pleasanter than the whoosh of a called third strike was the voice of the neighborhood librarian, who told me she lived a few doors away from Hank Sauer. She promised to let me see the most valuable National League of 1952 know that I had checked out his biography. If she ever did, his response was never passed on to me.

The rest of my preparation for the Dodgers was easier than attaining a good word from Sauer. It consisted of watching the Los Angeles Angels and the Hollywood Stars, the two local entities in the Pacific Coast League. The PCL billed itself "The Third Major League." That was a trifle overstated, but the league almost always managed to come up with an attention-getter like the Angels' Steve Bilko, who resembled a Hudson sedan and hit 111 home runs in 1956 and 1957. I cringed at every one of them, because my team was the Stars. They seemed more intent on developing characters, and the one with the most staying power was Carlos Bernier, who stole bases by the score, cursed umpires in Spanish and chewed a wad of tobacco the size of his

glove. Only the Dodgers could get such an institution out of town. Bernier went with the Hollywood franchise when it was moved to Salt Lake City, at the same time the Angels took their hales to Spokane.

Los Angeles now was big-league, and my parents decided to take me to the Dodger's first game in the Coliseum. Our seats were behind the left-field screen, the widely remembered Infamous Left-Field Screen. Only 251 feet from home plate but 40 feet high, it extended 140 feet between two steel poles, providing the Dodgers with a reminder of the Brooklyn Bridge.

A lot of people said it was going to make a joke of baseball in the Coliseum, but the souvenir hunters who jammed behind the screen at the Dodgers' debut were jubilant. At least 40 reasons for their joy sailed over the screen in batting practice. Pee Wee Reese, who was then 38 years old, accounted for a good half dozen of them, which must have swelled the chests of the many senior citizens in the crowd of 78,672.

The game against San Francisco that followed had a striking resemblance to batting practice. Line drives assaulted the screen like hailstones. Sauer, now an elderly Giant, hit two home runs over it. I suppose I finally could have greeted him since he was playing left field, but I no longer cared to, now that a Dodger rookie third baseman named Dick Gray had captured my attention. He hit a homer to put the Dodgers ahead, and when the Giants staged a ninth-inning rally, he saw Jim Davenport miss third on the way home, called for the ball and got the put-out that made him the hero of the hour.

I never would have believed it that day, but Gray's play turned out to be the highlight of the season for me. Twelve times I returned to the Coliseum and 12 times Los Angeles lost.

This was the team that had virtually dominated the National League for a decade, but only the raggedy Phillies finished lower in 1958. I suppose I should recall what good there was to see: Carl Furillo batting .290 and playing right field as if he were giving a clinic, and Johnny Podres surviving on guile and guts in a park that should have been a left-hander's graveyard. But most of the Dodgers who had made Brooklyn an ac-

ceptable word in mixed company—Pee Wee Reese, Duke Snider, Gil Hodges, Carl Erskine—played as if they had come West to a retirement community. In time I realized that the Boys of Summer had become the Boys of Slumber.

There were fitful attempts to rouse them with new blood. The only move I could not approve was the trade of Don Newcombe to Cincinnati. Not that I was particularly fond of Newk's 0-6 record or thought he would ever again win 27 games as he had in 1956, but Bilko, who had been the most hated Angel in my eyes, returned to Los Angeles as part of the deal.

I endured it because I knew that no matter what Bilko did (which turned out to be very little), the real hope for the future was in Green Bay, Wis. There a monster named Frank Howard was being assembled.

Howard did not clank into Los Angeles until his season in the minors had ended. Actually, the Dodgers were in Philadelphia when he first came up, and Vin Scully told us all about it on the radio. He said that Howard stood 6'7" and weighed about 255 pounds, and he described how all the action on the field stopped when he took batting practice. This, Scully suggested, was an honor accorded only great hitters. Events soon indicated that perhaps Howard belonged in such company. He hit a homer that landed on a laundry roof in back of the left-field fence at Connie Mack Stadium.

A few days later Howard came to bat with Snider on third. Scully described how the Duke was taking his lead wide of the foul line to keep out of Howard's range. The instant Scully stopped talking, Howard hit a shot that dropped Snider like a pedestrian on the freeway.

By the time the Duke's bruises had healed, I had moved to Salt Lake City. I got to see Carlos Bernier play again, and the hometown Bees were the 1959 Pacific Coast League champions.

But that triumph paled beside the World Series the Dodgers won in '59. I wish I could have seen them then, instead of in 1958. I feel particularly bad that the last memory I have of the Dodgers' first season in Los Angeles is Snider's lights going out. My only consolation is that perhaps it is the last thing the Duke remembers of the season, too. **END**

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

RAVES FOR A BRAVE

Sir:

After living in Buffalo all my life, I am convinced of the city's devotion to professional sports. And I'm very grateful that you have seen fit to give Randy Smith the national attention he has so long deserved (*Now Randy Is a Dandy*, March 31). For four years Buffalo basketball fanatics have watched their hero rise from the small-college ranks to stardom in the NBA. John Paponek has done justice to an athlete who has run circles around Walt Frazier, Jo Jo White and all the other super guards in the league. During a year in which the Braves have lost two starting forwards and a starting guard to injury or illness, Smith has been the sparkplug in a sometimes sluggish offense. The name Randy Smith means electricity. Buffalo has always known it; now the world knows.

HOWARD RUBIN

Columbia, Mo.

Sir:

I have been associated with athletics at Buffalo State College and a follower of the Braves since their entry into the league, and after seeing Randy play for a total of seven years, I have yet to tire of watching him. He shows a new move almost every time he walks onto the basketball court.

If memory serves, you once listed Randy Smith in *FACES IN THE CROWD* (Feb. 1, 1971). He is no longer a face in the crowd.

DENNIS LINDQUIST

Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Sports reporting has drastically changed over the years, as shown by your willingness to expose the fact that Randy Smith's mother is living on welfare. Like it or not, today's athlete lives in a fishbowl; the fan wants an insight into the athlete beyond the arena. Congratulations on a fine story.

PATRICK O'SULLIVAN

New York City

LADIES' DAY

Sir:

Congratulations on a fabulous article on the AIAW Tournament (*New Era for Delta Downs*, March 31). Those of us who are Delta State Lady Statesmen fans have been waiting all year for this tournament, because we knew that the girls could win the whole thing. We are very proud of Coach Margaret Wade's team. We believe next year SI should run more articles on women's basketball. If

you have never seen a game in person, you do not know what you are missing. These girls really hustle.

GEOFF STEED
CURTIS PACE
CHARLES TURNER

Jacksonville, Ark.

Sir:

You did it again, and again you are to be commended. Sarah Pileggi's article on the AIAW national basketball tournament was excellent. It had style, journalistic sophistication and really portrayed the thrill and excitement of the entire tournament (I was there).

When sports historians record the successful beginning of women's intercollegiate athletics in America, they will surely note the significant contribution of Sports Illustrated.

CAL PAPATSON

Flushing, N.Y.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS

Sir:

On March 24, the morning of the Ali-Wepner fight, the postman here in Luxembourg delivered my copy of your March 24 issue. I was anxious to see what Mark Kram had to say in his preview (*They Hate Kram but I Snicker*). A young Luxembourg secretary in our office was looking over my shoulder as I removed the mailing wrapper, revealing a profusely sweating Chuck Wepner on the cover. I found it somewhat prophetic when she asked in stone-faced seriousness, "Why is this man crying?"

MARK S. KRAMER

Luxembourg

STAR TREK

Sir:

I congratulate Ron Reid on his article *Jipcho War Sorko* (March 31). Ben Jipcho was far and away the star of the meet. I feel, though, that the meet would have been a success even without his outstanding performances in the mile and two mile. Anytime top athletes compete there are bound to be many fans who will pay just to see them give everything they've got.

STEVE THOMAS

Los Angeles

Sir:

Thanks for the excellent perceptions concerning the Los Angeles pro track meet.

Unquestionably, we would also be upset if our employers had carelessly impaired our chances for a \$2,000 payday (and a world

continued



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Run with the Wolf.

10TH HOLE *continued*

record). However, Steve Smith's three missed attempts at 18' 3 3/4" had nothing to do with the fashioning of the vault standards. The two giant replicas of the Persenna razor have been used at each pro track meet during the last two seasons, and they have met with total acceptance by the vaulters. In fact, the units were designed and produced by Sky-Pole Manufacturing Inc., of which Steve Smith is marketing director.

Smith's complaints referred to a broken wheel in the standard base, the same type of base used in Olympic pole-vault competition.

However, your overall criticism is justified and appreciated, for when the ITA show can be administered smoothly, sterling performances alone, such as Ben Jipcho's amazing L.A. double, will be the proper monitor of pro track's success.

JIM MUELMAN
Coordinator, Sports and Special Events
Persenna
New York City

SUB-FOUR-MINUTE FANTASY

Sir:

Leonard Asimov's encounter with Steve Prefontaine ("Small World," *SCORECARD*, March 24) brought to mind a similar experience I once had. As a freshman medical student at Northwestern, I would find relief from the pressures of anatomy classes by running on an outdoor track adjacent to the school. To keep my mind from unpleasant thoughts of upcoming exams, I would stage imaginary one-mile races. To my surprise (and delight) Tom O'Hara, the record holder in the indoor mile, appeared on the track one day. Studying him with sidelong glances I made my move coming around the far turn and edged him in an invisible tape, whereupon I threw up my arms in victory and collapsed in a heap (à la Roger Bannister). O'Hara looked at me with a curious expression and kept going. I didn't have the heart to tell him I had just wiped him out with a splendid 3:55.

JOHN D. CANTWELL, M.D.

Atlanta

MAY MEN

Sir:

Your article *The Winners Were Man's Boys* (March 24) was great for Iowa, and I am sure that the Hawkeyes earned their title in the NCAA wrestling championships. But I think it would have been helpful if you had mentioned the top 10 finishers: Iowa, Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, Iowa State, Lehigh, Wisconsin, Oregon State, Cal Poly, Purdue and Penn State.

It might also have been of interest to note the 10 individual champions: Shawn Gisel, Oklahoma (118-pound class); John Fritz, Penn State (126); Mike Frick, Lehigh (134); Jim Bennett, Yale (142); Chuck Yagla, Iowa (150); Dan Helm, Iowa (158); Ron Ray,

continued

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- ☐ ☐ 2. You usually put over 12,000 miles on your car each year.
- ☐ ☐ 3. You're a two-car family, or would like to become one
- ☐ ☐ 4. You hate the hassle and hassle of trade-in time
- ☐ ☐ 5. You'd rather put your money to work than spend it on a down payment
- ☐ ☐ 6. You use your car for business, and need accurate records on your car for tax purposes.
- ☐ ☐ 7. You need a car, but not the responsibilities of ownership: arranging insurance, licensing, periodic maintenance and ultimate disposal.
- ☐ ☐ 8. You'd like to try a different kind of car this year, but don't want to buy one that you might not be happy with

If you answer "yes" to three
or more of these statements, then

Congratulations!

You have identified yourself as someone who should definitely consider leasing your car this year. Why not? Leasing is simply another way to get the car of your choice. Without handing over a big down payment. Without worrying about trade-in. Without worrying about anything, as a matter of fact. That's the big joy of leasing.

Talk it over with a local member of Chrysler Leasing System. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages

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No matter what make of car you want — Chrysler product or not — give him a call. He can tell you if leasing is right for you. If it is, he's an expert at making leasing easy. If it isn't, he'll be just as happy to sell you a car.

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18TH HOLE *continued*

Oklahoma State (167); Mike Lieberman, Lehigh (177); Al Nacin, Iowa State (190); and heavyweight champion Larry Bienenberg, Oregon State. The Outstanding Wrestler Award went to Lehigh's Frick. Lehigh won the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association championship two weeks earlier with seven first places, one second and one third. Four of the 10 national champions were from Eastern schools. Lehigh (with two), Yale and Penn State. I agree that Iowa is the best, but Lehigh is pretty good, too.

Ben Hoyt

Berwyn, Pa.

UCLA HOCKEY

Sir:

In response to the letter from Dave Adams (March 17) concerning college hockey and his comment that maybe "in a few years UCLA may have an All-America goaltender," I would like to comment on the state of college ice hockey in the West. It was very big out here back in the '30s and '40s but then disappeared. Within the last five years, the sport has been reborn and is growing in many respects. Here at UCLA, where I play on the team and help run things on the administrative end, we are at the club level. I am also the unofficial commissioner of the Southern California Collegiate Hockey Association, which includes California State at Northridge, Cal Tech and Occidental College, in addition to UCLA. We also play games with such schools as San Diego State, Northern Arizona, UC Irvine and California State at Long Beach.

Our level of play is not quite up to the Osewviers and Michigan Techs, but maybe it will be in the future. We have no scholarships and our teams consist primarily of local talent. The highly skilled local players must go East to play top-quality hockey.

Here in Southern California we have limited ice time (one or two nights per week), late hours for games and practices (mostly Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights from 10:45 p.m. until 12:30 a.m.) and we have to pay for ice time at each practice (\$2.50 to \$3 per person). Due to the late hours, we have trouble drawing sizable crowds. We also do not get very much publicity and receive only a little financial assistance from our schools. However, our games are lively and full of action. They are the essence of college sport, the student playing for enjoyment. We hope that someday the best local junior talent can stay out West and play quality hockey and possibly give us here at UCLA an "All-America" goaltender."

GORDON KASS

Los Angeles

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